WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN OUR NAVY—*See Page 1148*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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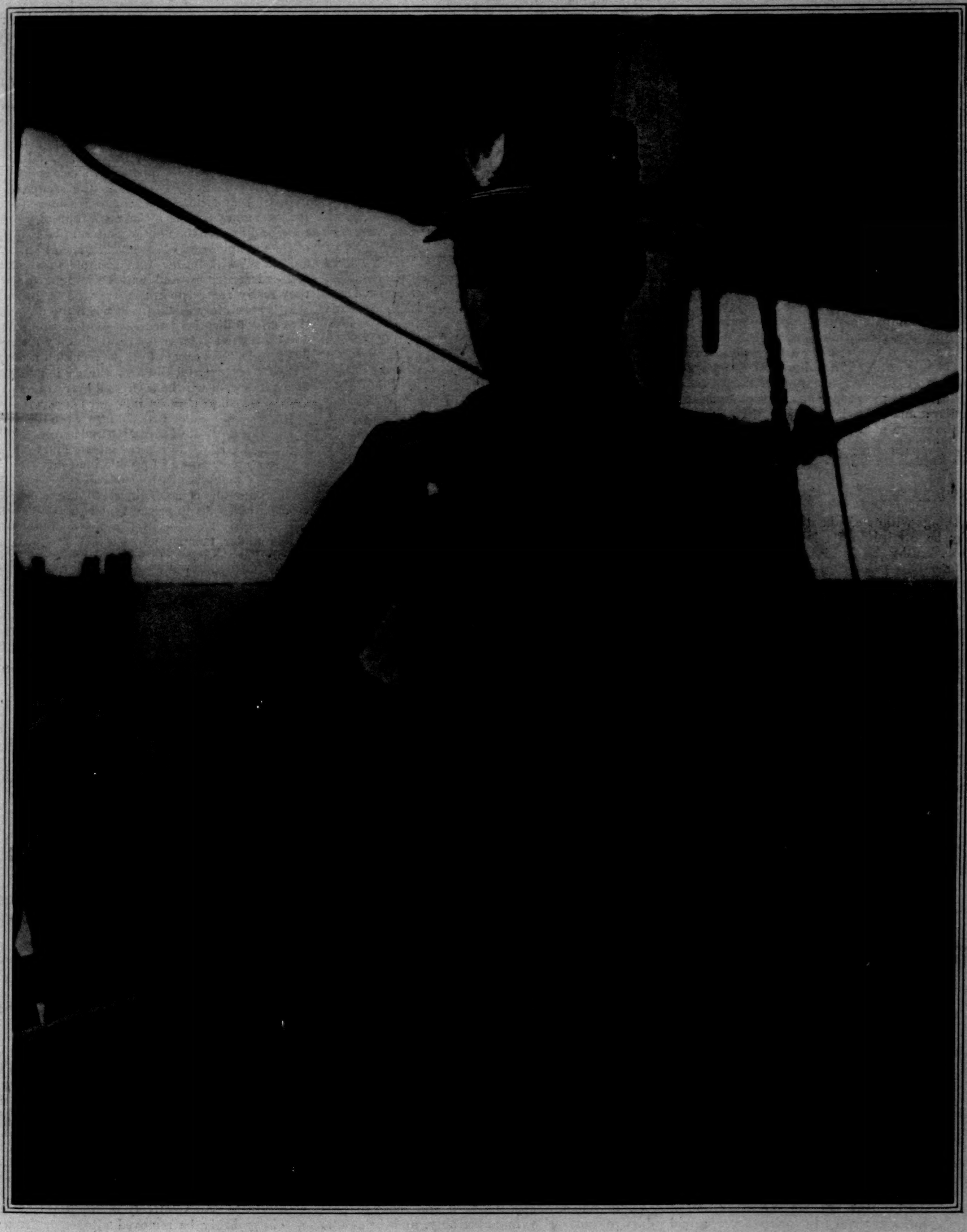

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON, U.S.V.,

ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "TARTAR" ON THE DAY OF HIS ARRIVAL AT SAN FRANCISCO FROM MANILA.

SEE PAGE 1143.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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Let the Issue Come!

THE anti-Imperialists are determined to make Expansion the chief subject of popular discussion till next year's election. The recent campaign in several States, notably Ohio, the latest speeches of Mr. BRYAN, the Democratic platforms of this year, and especially the declarations of a small group of distinguished Independents have brought the subject seriously to the very front. Whatever may transpire in the Philippine Islands, or whatever Congress may do, all the different elements of the opposition to the Administration have so emphasized the subject that the discussion is likely to be kept up for a twelvemonth.

As an independent journal HARPER'S WEEKLY welcomes such a discussion, for it will make far and away the most interesting and instructive Presidential campaign that this generation has seen. For the first time in recent years we shall have a subject really worthy of a Presidential campaign; and nothing else can so stir the people to a proper realization of our place in the world, and of the proper meaning of American nationality; and no other subject that can fall within the range of popular discussion so appeals to the political imagination.

In its present stage the discussion turns on the withdrawal of our troops from the Philippines, giving up our authority there, and the granting of independence to the Filipinos at once—none of which things will or can be done; but if the controversy be carried to its logical conclusion we shall be asked by the anti-Imperialists to grant independence also to Puerto Rico and to withdraw our control at once from Cuba. Every man who knows the people of these islands and can take a historical view of them knows that we shall have to govern them all for an indefinite time, and that we shall not relinquish control of them—that we cannot in honor relinquish control of them—till they are capable of real self-government and ready for it; and those who know best these Spain-ridden children of the tropics know that the time for autonomy for them lies far in the future. Nothing that can now be said or done can materially change the final result—the result to which the nation is in honor pledged, and which the character and mettle of the American people may be trusted under any administration to work out.

The anti-Imperialists are right in saying that more is involved in the discussion than our immediate conduct with regard to these islands. In fact, neither the Philippine archipelago, nor even Cuba and Puerto Rico, are necessary for our salvation. They are indeed but incidental to the larger subject that they bring forward—our proper place among nations in the impending international readjustments.

During the lifetime of all men now living our attention has been fixed not on American nationality in its largest sense, but on American nationality only as distinguished from division at home. Slavery, secession, reconstruction, the proper adjustments of tariffs and the problem of the currency—these home duties have engaged us all our lives long. Important as they were, important as the currency problem yet is, they have kept us from a proper appreciation of what has been going on in the larger world, and our politics had become provincial and dull. Our consciousness of a nationality, of a great mission in the development of civilization, had become narrowed to the thought only of keeping our own territory intact. To unify it forever, to solidify our national sentiment, to come to a realization of ourselves, it was necessary to look outward; and the outside responsibilities that have now come to us almost by accident have happily brought an occasion for us to look outside ourselves.

The discussion, then, will take in our relations to other nations; it will bring home to us the necessity of a wide-reaching and modern foreign policy; it will give us an appreciation of the great forces that are changing the world. And all this comes just when commerce is entering its romantic era, and when adventures of trade are more thrilling than adventures of knighthood once were—when the game of honest diplomatists and enterprising merchants must be played on the map of the whole world, and no longer along the coastline of a single ocean. For many centuries the Mediterranean limited the enterprises and bounded the thought of men; then the Mediterranean broadened into the Atlantic, and for four centuries, almost to our own time, our enterprises and our thought were limited by this one ocean. Now the opening of the Pacific measures the next step that we must take and forever hold as a means of extending our vision and our influence.

The unimaginative and the timid, who take an academic and not an evolutionary view of our institutions, will do the best service that this class of minds can ever do in stimulating, by the expressions of their doubts and fears, the imagination and the moral energy of the whole people. Let the issue come, then. Nothing else could be so wholesome.

President Hadley's Discussion of Trusts

BY far the most illuminating and pregnant article of all the recent discussions of trusts is that of President HADLEY in *Scribner's Magazine* for November. Trusts are not the bugbear of Dr. HADLEY, as they seem to be of the politician who is striving after the votes of the half-informed constituency. They are to the trained thinker the natural product of the time, the expression of an economic and financial tendency, whose benefits will be retained, and whose evils will probably cure themselves. The effort to suppress this tendency by legislation must fail, for so far as combinations of capital are beneficial they will command the support of the community where they exist, and, if necessary, hostile legislation will be defied, while effort at such legislation will be bought off, after the manner in which corporations have for a long time protected their interests against legislative strikes.

Dr. HADLEY believes that the combination of capital into trusts, or by the union of several corporations into one, has been mainly accomplished; that is, that we shall never see again such vast transformations of many old organisms into single great corporations, or the founding of so many new gigantic enterprises, as were worked out in 1898 and in the first half of 1899. In 1898 the new companies formed had a capital of $900,000,000. In the first half of 1899 the capital of the new corporations amounted to the astounding sum of $3,000,000,000. A large part of this was old capital put into new form. Old corporations had united, and the new capital was the sum of old investments. There were new corporations chartered, of course, but the capital invested in them made a comparatively small part of the grand total of $3,000,000,000.

According to Dr. HADLEY, whose view is undoubtedly correct, this movement of consolidation and combination has seen its most rapid development. This is the period of speculation in "industrials." Like most first steps in corporate development, it is a speculative movement. What we call the "industrials"—that is, the stocks representing capital engaged in production—are now on the market rivalling the stocks representing capital invested in the business of transportation. It is very likely that we are to continue to see these "industrials" pass through a phase of history which seems to be common to the early days of all listed securities—that is, of all securities dealt in on the stock-exchange, and which are of necessity the subject of speculation before they offer strong temptation to the investor. The business of production has heretofore been a local enterprise, dependent usually upon the ability of a single man or of a small group of men. It did not appeal either to investors or to speculators, because, as a rule, the opportunities and possibilities of any given corporation were not known to them, and because its continued success depended upon a single life or a few lives. The trust or combination enlarges the field and scope of productive enterprise immeasurably, and brings it within the law of the stock-market. When it becomes a national corporation its operations come within the field of view of those who have money for investment and speculation.

The new trust securities having become marketable by becoming national, the first attraction is in their market value. Dr. HADLEY says that "there is a fashion in investments, as in everything else." Recently the fashion has been "industrials." Men buy the stock of the hour because other men are buying it, and we see therefore the manipulation of the stock for the increase in its market value, and we see also, and will probably continue to see for some time to come, the "rigging of the market" by those who are "inside"—that is, by boards of directors.

Eventually, however, there will be a change, such as we have seen in the business of railroad management; and this point is illustrated by an agreement which one of the daily newspapers reports to have been made by the great railroad combinations—generally spoken of not as trusts, but as systems—intended apparently not for the pooling of earnings or for the increasing of rates, but for the reform of the management of the business of railroads, with a view to conducting it on the principles which are, or were, supposed to underlie the law organizing the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Whether the report be accurate or not, the tendency of railroad management has long been in this direction—that is, toward treating the business of railroads as legitimate enterprises which should be conducted for the purpose of making money on the capital invested. And this is the second stage in the history of stock companies, when investments are made in the securities for industrial and not for financial reasons—that is, for the money that is to be made out of the business, and not for the money that is to be made out of the manipulation of the stock. Eventually "industrials" will follow the example of the great railroad securities, and will be bought for what they really represent in the way of a business.

It is absolutely certain that when the day comes that an "industrial" trust or combination is managed on strictly business principles, by men who have no interest except to make as much money as possible for the stockholders, the economic value of combination will be seen, and every one but the demagogue who may be interested in keeping the anti-trust issue alive will acknowledge the saving effected in the cost of operation and administration, and the advantage to the consumers and the laborers from the evenness of production that is possible when the market is in the control of a single will and production is not subject to the caprices of competition. As to prices, that is a matter which will probably regulate itself under combination as it has under competition. It is true that a monopoly has the power to fix its prices at will; but, in the first place, there are scarcely any monopolies, for if there is no competition in the precise product, there is competition in similar products which serve the purposes of the consumers nearly or quite as well; and, in the second place, the so-called monopolist must consult the possibilities of the market. He cannot fix his price so high as to prevent the growth of the demand for the product.

The growth of these great enterprises, Dr. HADLEY thinks—and rightly, we believe—will not be sudden, mainly because of the great difficulty of finding men capable of managing such vast aggregations of capital, and such complex and delicate machines of business as these combinations must be when their energies are honestly directed to producing as cheaply and as abundantly as possible. Dr. HADLEY says that three points must be kept in view "to make matters run in the right direction." These are: "1, Increased responsibility on the part of boards of directors"—this, we believe, must be brought about by full administrative control, greater publicity, a supervision over the productive enterprises, such as is now exercised over banks and insurance companies; "2, A change in the legal character of the labor contract," with a view to preventing the interruption of production by strikes; "3, An increased care in the imposition of high import duties."

When a condition of affairs is reached which transforms the trust into a productive machine, managed on business principles, supervised by the State, and standing in the courts on an even footing with the individual, there is likely to be a halt called to the movement, if movement there be, looking to the State ownership of such enterprises. If we can secure the changes in administration which Dr. HADLEY'S reasoning contemplates, we are quite prepared to agree in his conclusion that then "the question of State ownership of individual enterprises, instead of becoming an acute national issue, as so many now expect, will tend rather to become relatively unimportant, and may not improbably be removed altogether from the field of party politics." But the question is, will the movement in the "right direction" go on fast enough to head off the hostile movement which present conditions are inspiring?

The Consequences of the Boer War

BY ARNOLD WHITE

LONDON, *Trafalgar Day, 1899.*

AT the time of writing, Sir George White in Natal is outnumbered, and is acting strictly on the defensive. He is surrounded on three sides, and may be fighting for bare existence. Colonel Baden-Powell is beleaguered at Mafeking; Kimberley is cut off from communication with Cape Town; and the northern frontier of the Cape Colony is practically at the mercy of the Boer commandos. Under these circumstances it savors of presumption to attempt a forecast of the consequences of the race struggle for mastery now raging between the Zambesi and the sea. Nevertheless, the conditions of the case are so sharply defined that the issue may be set forth with some approach to accuracy, without incurring the reproach of those who prophesy without knowledge. One element in the problem that simplifies the solution consists in the fact that our trial of strength will be fought to a finish. Britain is not fighting for franchise, nor for gold-mines; she fights for her Imperial life. If Buller fails to beat the Boers, India, Australia, and Canada will take note that the Queen's government has been driven from South Africa by the adult population of two petty states actually inferior in numbers to the highly trained army despatched by fifty million Anglo-Saxons to accept the challenge of the Boers. Australia, if the British are beaten, would become a republic or a series of republics, since there would be neither honor nor profit in belonging to the British Empire. Canada would probably gravitate towards the United States for the same reason, with a possible civil war on racial lines, in which France might attempt to recover some of her lost influence among the French Canadians.

In India, the Maharaja (Gaekwar) of Baroda, the Nizam of Hyderabad; the ruler (Sindhia) of Gwalior; the chief (Holkar) of Indore, and the Maharaja of Jummu and Kashmir—are feudatory princes more or less under the control of the Indian government. With the smaller dependent states they govern a population of 65,950,398 inhabitants. These feudatory and dependent states in India have armies which are admitted to be dangerously large. A return was published in 1884 which showed that over 300,000 men and 4237 guns owned allegiance to the native princes. A large proportion of these forces is little better than a badly equipped, undisciplined rabble, but the Indian government has elaborated a scheme for the training and equipment of picked contingents of troops in certain states, with a view to enabling the chiefs to bear a direct share in the defence of the empire. The keenest interest is felt in the native states in any war affecting their suzerain, and if the British flag is not hoisted at Pretoria within a reasonable time we shall infallibly have to reckon with military problems in India which may easily become fraught with peril to the British *raj*, in which the feudatory princes are not on our side. If our army in South Africa is defeated by the Boers, we should receive our notice to quit in India, and the Asiatic inheritance, towards which far-seeing Englishmen have looked forward since Clive defeated Dupleix, would pass into other hands. Of the action of Russia on the Afghan frontier, Korea, and the Yang-tse Valley; of France in China, Newfoundland, and Madagascar; and of Germany in China and elsewhere—it is needless to speak. Our decadence would not be arrested for want of kicks bestowed with the hearty good-will of every first-class power, with the probable exception of the United States.

So much for the immediate consequences of British failure in South Africa. To the indirect political and economic results I am unable to give space further than to say that a hungry and indignant electorate would give short shrift to a constitution and a government that revealed their impotence to withstand the forces of a brace of petty peasant states. Monarchy, the House of Lords, the Church, the landed system, and the bureaucracy would be swept away like autumn leaves before the storm, and a series of political and economic experiments would be tried by inexperienced hands which would plunge the English republic into a morass of bankruptcy and despair.

The British Empire must either beat the Boers or burst.

With regard to the other and more probable issue of the war—*i. e.*, that the English are victorious all along the line; that the pretensions of the "Afrikander nation" are abated (until such time as the mines peter out)—the first consequence in order of importance, though not in sequence of time, will be the federation of the South-African states under the British flag. For at least three years after the conclusion of the war the Transvaal and the Orange Free State will probably be governed as an absolute crown colony under military occupation, with an elective sanitary, municipal, and educational system for Johannesburg and the Rand. The passions aroused by the present contest are too vitriolic to be subdued until the Boers have experienced for a few years the effect of British justice and integrity in dealing with a brave but conquered people. After Pretoria and Johannesburg are occupied, and equal rights for all white men south of the Zambesi have been won by British arms, a period for healing will be necessary before constitutional government can be safely intrusted to an Uitlander and Boer population, whose position will have become reversed after the destruction of the forts at Pretoria and the Rand and the disarmament of the Boer levies. British statesmen recognize that if the fight with the Boers is fought to a finish that Boers and British will be compelled to live side by side for all time, and that therefore the settlement must be one that is strictly just to the Dutch population.

The fundamental conditions, therefore, that will govern the permanent settlement of South Africa by the English cabinet are, firstly, that British and Boers must live side by side; and secondly, that the disarmament of the Boer inhabitants of the two republics must be so complete and effective that there shall be no risk of rebellion after the retirement of Buller and his army corps.

England's record in South Africa of subjects abandoned, of pledges broken, and of rights ignored makes grewsome reading. Look at this table of British wobble:

1795—England annexed Cape Colony.
1802—England restored Cape Colony to the Dutch.
1806—England annexed Cape Colony.
1835—England occupied Natal.
1838—England abandoned Natal.
1843—England annexed Natal.
1848—England conquered the Orange Free State.
1854—England evacuated Orange Free State.
1877—England annexed the Transvaal.
1881—England evacuated the Transvaal (after a whipping).
1900—England will annex the Transvaal and Orange Free State.

Consideration of these facts shows that from and after to-day British policy in South Africa must be just all round, even to the British, and for that purpose not only military occupation of the whole country will be necessary until the inhabitants are ripe for federation, but permanence and continuity of policy must be made automatic. The invasion of Natal and the Cape Colony by the Boers has removed the principal obstacle to federation—*i. e.*, the difficulty of binding into one body communities some of which are republics while others are governed by monarchical institutions.

Confederation under the British flag will immensely simplify the political and economic problems of South Africa. Firstly, its foreign policy will become the policy of the British Empire. Continental observers, and even some Americans otherwise well informed, are under misconception as to the ample freedom enjoyed by the self-governing colonies, which are, in fact, democratic republics, though under the protection of the Queen's navy, and dignified by the traditions of a famous monarchy. The new African Federation has as neighbors two foreign states, Portugal and Germany, and the extinction of the Boer diplomat, Dr. Leyds, and his mischievous activity in Lisbon and Berlin, will not be the smallest of the many benefits that will accrue to the world from the federation of the African states.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM PENN SYMONS, K.C.B.,
Commanding the British Forces during the early Operations in Natal; mortally wounded in the Battle of Glencoe, October 20; and died, a Prisoner of the Boers, October 25.

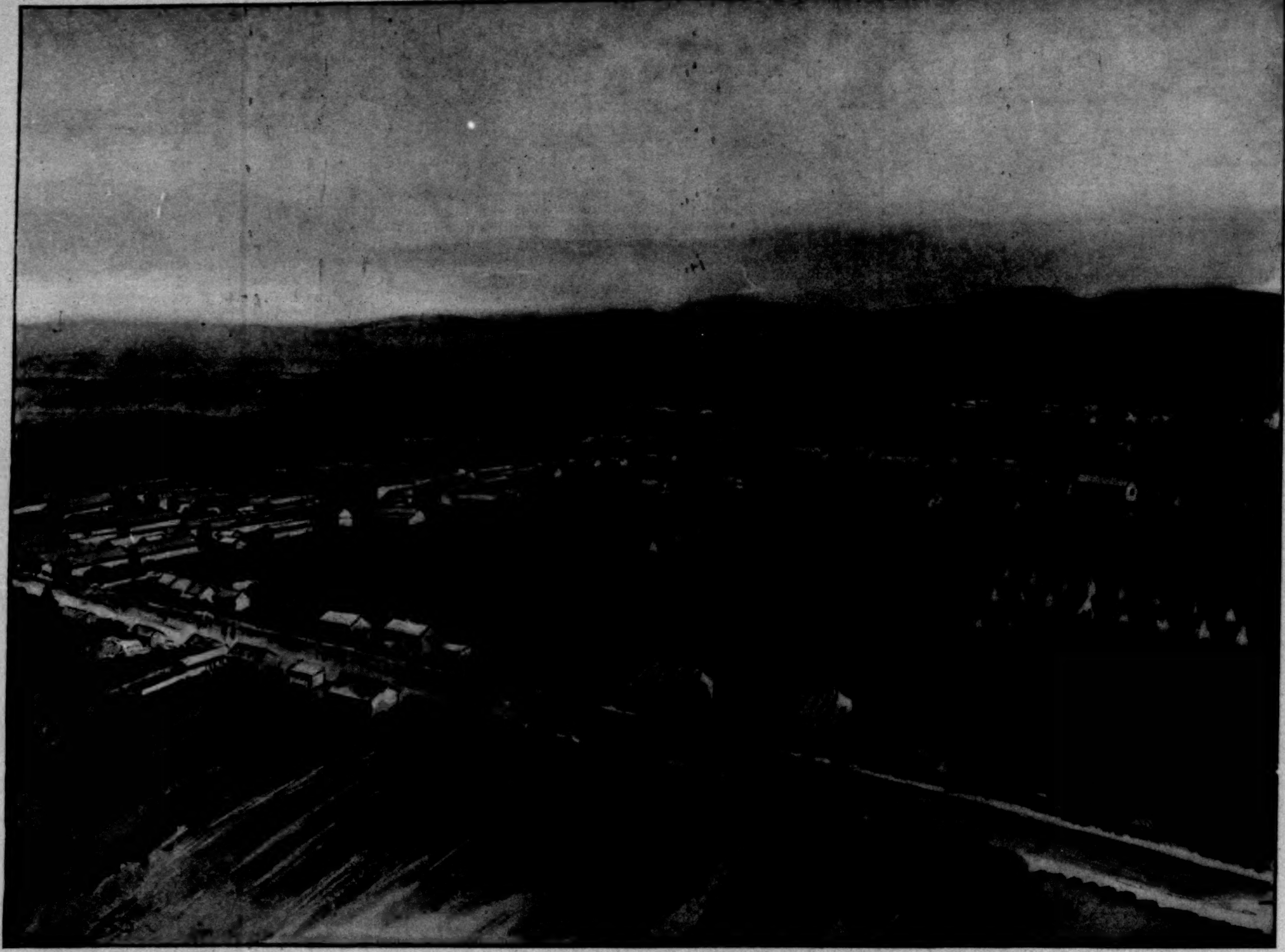
The federation of South Africa will settle many questions long outstanding, as well as bring others, now dormant, upon the stage of practical politics. Among the advantages of the open door in Africa will be the administrative economies that will follow the union of the various members of the African state. The removal of the customs control from five separate and competitive systems, and their concentration under one head, will lighten taxation, increase revenue, and improve trade, in which Americans will largely participate. Railway administration, under one board of control, honestly and skilfully conducted, will revolutionize the conditions under which commerce is now carried on, and the development of the country will receive a much-needed stimulus.

The absence of navigable rivers, and of mountains with a snow-line, renders the formation of an irrigation department in South Africa, on Anglo-Egyptian lines, highly desirable, if not absolutely necessary. The Transvaal has 22,000 farms, but imports most of the food consumed. Facilities for food-production exist. Catchment areas abound throughout the Cape and the republics, where rainfall can be stored. The passing of a scab act, universal and compulsory, will bear fruit in the improved quality of merino wool and in the prosperity of the Dutch farming population. The establishment of regulations for dealing with phylloxera in the wine districts will effect a revolution in the manufacture and quality of the wine now grown at the Cape. The enactment of an excise law throughout South Africa will redeem the Cape Colony from the stigma of being the only civilized government in the world that debauches its population by untaxed brandy and impoverishes it by dear bread. The appointment of one postmaster-general for the whole of South Africa will add to domestic happiness and business prosperity. One system of internal defence against the blacks is a measure that has long been required in the interests of both races of white men.

These measures, while leaving to each member of the federation complete control over all matters not specifically intrusted to the federal executive, would be followed by such a period of prosperity that tens and even hundreds of thousands of immigrants from Great Britain, Ireland, and the United States would find lucrative occupation and happy homes. The natural wealth of the Transvaal is not yet scratched. Coal and iron measures of the finest quality exist in close proximity to Johannesburg. After the seventy or eighty years of life for the gold-mines, which is admitted by experts to be the probable limit of the present mines, the manufacturing potentialities of southern Africa are almost boundless. The climate is magnificent, and when race politics are killed with the war, there is little reason to doubt that Cape Town will rival Melbourne in wealth and population.

The average Dutchman in the Cape Colony and the Transvaal possesses property, or is the member of a family which are landed proprietors. Is it unreasonable to suppose that Dutch citizens, who have never had anything to complain of from the British government in our generation, will risk their fortunes by insurrection on behalf of a system of government by hired Hollanders, which they themselves admitted to be corrupt, alien, and moribund when England undertook the task of destroying it?

A further result of the Boer war will be the increased reputation of Great Britain among foreign powers. The tail-twisting of the British lion is a process of which the average Englishman is tired, and it is safe to predict that with the friendship existing with the United States and her early solution of her own Philippine problem the Anglo-Saxon race will present such a front to the world at large that for some years the most heedless and ambitious of the great powers will think twice before disturbing the peace.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF LADYSMITH, NATAL, DEFENDED BY LIEUT.-GEN. WHITE, AROUND WHICH THE BOERS ARE CONCENTRATING.

The Battle of Ladysmith

IN the light of the events of October 30, every one of the quick opening moves in the South-African war game acquires a new meaning; indeed, it is not too much to say that the Boers, by a single demonstration of power, have taken the story of their campaign out of the class of things of secondary importance and placed it among the things of highest importance. What, for example, did the world care about their strategy only a week or so before the date mentioned? There had been a little battle near Glencoe on October 20, the result of which seemed at first to be so entirely favorable to the British troops that a popular London newspaper made the following comments: "One or two more days like this, and that at Mafeking, and Sir Redvers Buller's army corps will have little to do except sweep the veldt of the Orange Free State up to Johannesburg and Pretoria, in the Transvaal; for it cannot be supposed that the Boers, whatever their individual pluck, being without discipline, can withstand, in any kind of organization, the disciplined movements of British troops." Now, on the contrary, it has become not simply worth our while, but rather imperatively necessary that we should retrace the course of events leading up to a Boer success achieved by superior strategy.

And first we must remember that the British reserves were called out and Parliament summoned as recently as October 7; two days later President Kruger took a step which rendered it impossible for his republic to secure peace with honor through an avenue which English diplomacy still desired to hold open: the Transvaal ultimatum, presented to the British Agent at Pretoria on October 9, was received in London at daybreak on October 10. This fatal message required, by the afternoon of October 11, at five o'clock, Pretoria time—representing seven minutes after three o'clock, London time—an affirmative answer to four demands—1, Arbitration on terms to be agreed upon; 2, Withdrawal of British troops from the borders of the republic; 3, Withdrawal of all re-enforcements that had arrived since June 1, as well as an assurance that no attack was intended; 4, The promise that further re-enforcements should not be landed at any South-African port. On the same day Great Britain replied that the conditions put forward by the Transvaal government were such as could not be discussed.

When the time for acceptance of the ultimatum expired, on the afternoon of October 11, war began, the troops of the South African Republic and the allied Orange Free State almost simultaneously invading British territory on the west and southeast. Mafeking, Vryburg, and Kimberley—all border towns—were seen to be principal points of attack in the former quarter, while in the latter Newcastle, Glencoe, Dundee, and Ladysmith—all in the narrow wedge of Natal—were exposed to an enemy near at hand, whether the troops in garrison looked eastward or westward. To be strictly accurate, the western frontier of the two republics witnessed the first act of war, for an armored train was derailed and shelled by Boers at Kraaipan, forty miles south of Mafeking, on October 12; on the same day, however, three columns of the allied forces, entering Natal through Laing's Nek and Ingogo on the Transvaal side and Bothe's Pass on the Free State side, converged upon Newcastle. Two days later Newcastle was occupied. An engagement took place north of Mafeking, in which the Boers lost heavily, while two of the British were killed and fourteen wounded. On the 15th the trouble made itself felt well away towards the south, below Kimberley, the town in the famous diamond region, where communication by rail and wire suffered interruption. Mafeking was bombarded on October 16.

Turning for a moment to London, we find, on October 18, a supplementary estimate of ten million pounds asked for, and a message from the Queen brought into the House of Commons, the terms of this message being, in part: "The state of affairs in South Africa having constituted, in the opinion of her Majesty, a case of great emergency . . . her Majesty is about to order the embodiment of the militia, and to call out the militia reserve force."

Now in South Africa the affairs of Natal take the first place in our interest. Cavalry outposts engaged the Free State burghers near Ladysmith on the 18th, and on the same day occurred a skirmish with a Boer patrol near Glencoe. After these preliminaries came a test of strength. In the early morning of October 20, a force of Boers advancing in the neighborhood of Glencoe, the Thirteenth Field Battery, with the First Leicester, went out to meet them, and artillery on both sides opened fire. Here the superiority of the English soon became apparent, the Krupp guns being poorly served and ineffective projectiles employed. The British were therefore able to use their 15-pounders at a range of 2000 yards, silencing the Boer artillery. At half past ten a brilliant charge up a steep hill-side resulted in the capture of the Boer position—a large share of the honors of the occasion falling to the Second Dublin Fusiliers, who were first in the Boer intrenchments. No perfectly trustworthy statement in regard to the numerical strength of the opposing forces is obtainable at the present writing, but it is estimated that about 4000 Boers came into action, while 5000 were in support. The entire British force at that point numbered scarcely 4000. On both sides the losses were severe, and the English general, Sir W. Penn Symons, fell mortally wounded.

This was everywhere announced as the British victory of Kopje Hill, and a splendid example of the irresistible hurled against the indomitable it certainly was; for presently we hear that the Boer troops again attack the British—a defeated foe plucking up courage to assail its conqueror intrenched in a good position. The viking fighting quality, which sustains both sides alike, came to the front in a third attack, when a force of 9000 Boers under General Joubert advanced against Glencoe on Sunday, October 22, causing the British commander, Colonel Yule, who replaced General Symons, to fall back into a position better suited for defence. On October 27 it was admitted in London that "the battle of Glencoe merely served to save Yule's force from annihilation or capture, and enabled it to retreat by forced marches to the main army at Ladysmith."

Immediately following the news of this retreat the report came that General Joubert, commanding the Transvaal forces, had joined hands with the Free State army. The British tenure of Ladysmith was referred to as insecure, and it was said that General White, commanding in Natal, might be compelled to withdraw towards the south. Then, at twenty minutes after five o'clock in the morning of October 30, the Boers began shelling Ladysmith with forty-pounders, and sent out a column against the British left flank. Either by chance or in conformity with some short-sighted design, General White had sent to the same point the Tenth Mountain Battery, with six companies of the Royal Irish Fusiliers and four half-companies of the Gloucestershire regiment, to "clear," as his despatch phrases it, the main point of attack. He succeeded in pushing the enemy back several miles from his front, though with serious loss, and, after being in action for several hours, returned unmolested to the cantonments; but the fate of that Irish and Gloucester contingent, despatched to the post of danger and left there without support, called forth the sympathy of every one who cares to see a fair chance for fighting given to capable fighting-men.

General White, describing the operations of October 30, said that he took out from Ladysmith a brigade of mounted troops, two brigade divisions of the Royal Artillery, the Natal Field Battery, and two brigades of infantry, to reconnoitre in force the enemy's main position to the north. Next he spoke of sending out Lieutenant-Colonel Carlton with the Irishmen and Gloucestershiremen, as though the enemy in this instance had been naked savages, whose ranks could be cut through at any moment.

The main advance was successful. The troops engaged in it were slowly withdrawn to camp, pickets being left on observation, and a small naval force from H. M. S. *Powerful* silenced the Boers' guns of position. General White's despatch states that Lieutenant-Colonel Carlton's column "appears to have carried out the night march unmolested, until within two miles of Nicholson's Nek. At this point two bowlders rolled from the hill, and a few rifle-shots stampeded the infantry ammunition mules, which broke loose from their leaders, and got away with practically the whole of the gun equipment, and the greater portion of the regimental small-arm ammunition. The reserve was similarly lost." But then these Irishmen and Gloucestershiremen and artillerymen—all fighting-*men*, mark you—fixed bayonets, if they had them, and seized a hill on the left of the road. There they held their ground until dawn; held their ground indeed until three o'clock in the afternoon. Then their ammunition was exhausted, the position was captured, and the survivors of the column fell into the hands of the enemy. This was characterized in the despatches of the day as a defeat: it was really the triumph of sheer courage on the part of a single thousand against many thousands in that flanking movement, when the weaker party held out from dawn until the middle of the afternoon, with nothing better than cold steel to oppose to bullets. The disaster was the result of an accident which must always seem to have its comic side.

From the first the doughty champions of the two republics have aimed at cutting off details of the British forces, weakening and overwhelming the garrisons before the arrival of Sir Redvers Buller's army corps. The British would seem to have been misled in this instance by too frequent contacts in recent years with inferior enemies. Once for all, let us say that, in the mere matter of fighting, they now have to do with their equals—their uncouth kinsmen.

MARRION WILCOX.

SIR HENRY IRVING AS "ROBESPIERRE,"

In Sardou's Drama now acting at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York City.—Drawn from Life by Lucius Hitchcock.—[See Page 1146.]

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

WHETHER our sympathies are more with Briton or with Boer, we can all commend the project of the American women in London to equip and send out a hospital-ship to South Africa. The appeal for funds for this purpose, which has already met with substantial response in this country, says that the ship will be sent "for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers and refugees in South Africa." It recites that Great Britain is involved in a war affecting the rights and liberties of the Anglo-Saxon people in South Africa; that 50,000 English and Americans have been expelled from the states now at war, and are congregated at Durban, Delagoa Bay, and Cape Town; that Great Britain sympathized with us in our war with Spain, and that it would be a good thing to send out immediately, at a cost of $150,000, a hospital-ship with stores, provisions, and accommodations for 200 patients for three months.

Lady Randolph Churchill is the head of this movement, and the Duchess of Marlborough, the Countess of Essex, Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Mrs. Arthur Paget, and other distinguished ladies are her coadjutors. No doubt they have raised the money before this, and got their ship well a-going. The plan is a good plan. In this country we sorrow over the war, and hate to have the Anglo-Saxons suffer, but we don't like to have the Boers suffer either, and if they had a port which a relief-ship could reach, no doubt plenty of American dollars could be had to help send it. In this Transvaal conflict most of us are enthusiastic neutrals, eager in our interest, strong in our sympathy for both sides, and very loath to have any one hurt.

MISS MARY WILKINS, not without honor in her own country, is reported to have lately been accorded the distinction of being commended to Oxford undergraduates as a writer whose literary style it would pay them to pattern by. This compliment seems the more distinguished when we consider how much of the talk of the less lettered element in New England Miss Wilkins has set down, and how often her own manner of speech is contrasted with that of her characters. There seems to be no sign at Oxford of the fear lately expressed by some of our more decorous American brethren that the swear-words used by some of the folks in *Jerome* will corrupt the moralities of youthful readers.

WHEN it was announced, the other day, that the condition of Admiral Dewey's health would not at present permit him to visit Atlanta, Philadelphia, and other cities which he had hoped to reach, the reassuring intelligence was added that the Admiral was not actually ill nor breaking down, but that he had in prospect the meetings of the Philippines Commission and other important duties, and felt constrained now to stay in Washington and husband his strength. It has since appeared that the Admiral had other reasons, besides these very good ones, for remaining in Washington. He has engaged servants, moved into his new house, and announced his expectation of marrying Mrs. Hazen, all within a period of about ten days. The cities which grumbled because he did not come to them will have to admit that he was warranted in staying away. Evidently he had more important concerns on hand than even to go to Chicago. Whatever it pleases him to do nowadays is apt to be satisfactory to the American people, and doubtless his highly interesting plans for the immediate future will be accepted as timely and judicious. Still, they make a difference, and folks who had intentions, especially political intentions, touching his future, may as well recognize that they have a new factor to reckon with. To forecast the intentions of a man who has only himself to plan for is a simple matter compared with forecasting the dispositions of a man and his wife.

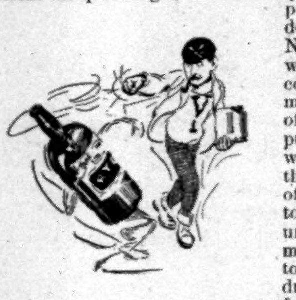
THE Very Rev. Charles William Stubbs, Dean of Ely Cathedral in England, has come amongst us, "primarily," he says, "to find out how much better you do church work than we in England, and incidentally to deliver a few addresses." He is a gentleman distinguished in his profession, with many books and treatises to his credit, and not without appreciation of more frivolous things, since he is president of the Ely Golf Club. Perhaps it will promote the happiness of his visit here if Americans who are to have the advantage of meeting him are cautioned beforehand not to confuse him with his right reverend countryman of a similar name, the William Stubbs, formerly Bishop of Chester and now of Oxford, who wrote the *Constitutional History of England*.

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY has admitted, with some regret, that there is truth in the report that she intends to resign the presidency of the National American Woman Suffrage Association next February. She says that she meant to keep her plans a secret from the public until the time came to act on them, but somehow they have got out. Her eightieth birthday is approaching, and she wants to lay aside her official duties in order to devote herself to more important business. She wishes to raise half a million dollars as a permanent fund for the support and furtherance of the woman-suffrage movement, and to that she intends to devote all her strength.

A CORRESPONDENT calls this page of the WEEKLY to order for calling "rig" (meaning vehicle) an upstart word. It has long been in use in the country, he says. So it has, but it is upstart in town and in the metropolitan newspapers. To be sure, it is in the Century Dictionary, but that is no sign that it has been weaned.

This same correspondent mentions reproachfully the recent use on this page of the somewhat unfamiliar dictionary word "aleatory." Any reader ought to be glad to be sent to the dictionary for so good a word as that, with the rattle of dice in it and its flavor of Rome.

VERY gratifying newspaper testimony comes from New Haven as to the growth of temperance at Yale. A correspondent of the *Sun* says that the enthusiasm of the undergraduates over the recent inauguration of President Hadley was wonderfully free from alcoholic admixtures. "There was not a single instance of drunkenness in the procession from first to last," he says, and adds that "Gus Traeger's gorgeous place on Chapel Street, half a block from the quadrangle," which five years ago was the most prominent scene of undergraduate hilarity in New Haven, stands now with closed doors and cobwebby windows, a monument to the decay of Yale thirst. All the public drinking-places where students go, says this witness, complain of a falling off of custom, and though the university has by no means gone over to teetotality, it is a fact that drunkenness is "bad form" and injures the exceeder's social prospects, and that persons who incline to make a speciality of drinking too much do it privately.



This is all interesting and welcome news, and we will all hope it is true. It may be argued that Yale strenuousness has abated in about the same degree that abstemiousness has increased, and that she won more victories in the "good old days" when Mrs. Potcat forecast her doom. There is nothing in that. The apparent lapse of strenuousness is only a passing incident of growth and inevitable changes. Harvard has been through it, and Yale will surely come out of it. It is somewhat distressing while it lasts, but not unwholesome.

THE contemporary readiness of capital to embark in new enterprises (in spite of the scarcity of money which Wall Street has been grieving over) is illustrated by posters on bill-boards and advertisements in newspapers in New York, which publish the efforts of six evangelists of the "Catholic Apostolic Church" to bring the town to a realization of the likelihood that Christ will soon return to earth. These men, whose names are unfamiliar, hire the best halls in town and advertise freely in the best newspapers. Admission to their meetings is free, and they advertise "no collection." Their expenses must be very considerable, and back of them somewhere there must be an interesting story of peculiarity of religious belief in combination with pecuniary efficiency.

To have decided personal peculiarities of religious belief, and the money to promote their diffusion, must be a combination that offers good prospects for an interesting life. One reads occasionally in a newspaper of the presence in some city of the Countess Adeline Schimmelmann, who goes about in her yacht, the *Deuhn*, spreading Christianity according to her notion of it. She comes from somewhere in Europe, and apparently travels all about the world in her own conveyance, doing good according to her lights. Last summer she went to Chicago by way of the Erie Canal and the lakes. In Chicago she held and addressed many meetings of all sorts of people, and seems to have received all comers on her yacht, to have fed the hungry and sheltered the homeless. She preached to anarchists in their lairs, and in beer-gardens, and aboard her boat, and elsewhere, and apparently had a satisfying summer. A Rochester paper tells how she stopped in that city, about a month ago, on her way back to New York, and made addresses on Sunday in two Baptist churches. The brethren in Rochester seemed to be in no way suspicious about her orthodoxy, and, indeed, it does not appear that her beliefs had anything particularly odd about them. She preaches simple Christianity, and apparently lives it according to her preferences. Judging from odds and ends of her discourse, it seems entirely possible that she got more solid satisfaction out of her yacht this year than any other owner except perhaps Sir Thomas Lipton. But then she is probably cleverer than most yachts-persons.

THERE must be much that gladdens the spirit in getting out of the rut of convention and going one's gait in one's own way. Folks who do that without making mischief are a good deal to be envied. But it is also gladdening to many persons, and especially to religious cranks, to get other folks out of their ruts, and the results of that are often very lamentable. For example, a St. Louis despatch gives news from Palestine of some credulous farmers from Michigan and Missouri who were stirred up by a pestilent woman named Dickenson to sell their farms and go with their families to the Holy Land, so as to be on the ground in time for the Lord's second coming. These poor people, the *World* says, are stranded in Jerusalem, penniless and sick. They could not buy land to farm, their money has given out, and the Lord has not yet come. It is an old story, this tale of migration to Palestine. Often before hearts have been broken and families ruined by this same infatuation. To be a globe-trotting evangelist, with a yacht and money to pay your bills, like the Countess Schimmelmann, is very well; but irresponsible fanatics like this Mrs. Dickenson, who drag old people and children away from their homes, ought to be reached by the law before their schemes hatch out.

MR. JOHN C. ROPES, of Boston, who died on October 27, was a very good example of a man with an avocation. Mr. Ropes's vocation was the law; his avocation was the study of military history. He devoted himself to both with industry and notable success. His first military article, "The Army under Pope," appeared nearly twenty years ago, and he followed it from time to time with critical reviews of campaigns of McClellan and Napoleon. His *Campaign of Waterloo*, published in 1893, has passed through several editions, and at the time of his death he had published two volumes (out of four) of *A Story of the Civil War*. Mr. Ropes graduated from Harvard in 1857, and began to practise law in 1861. He was of the generation that went to the war, and though a physical disability kept him at home, it is evident that his heart went where his body could not follow.

He was distinguished as a lawyer and very useful as a citizen. He was an editor for a time of the *American Law Review*, founder of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, a member of the Loyal Legion, an honorary member of many other military and historical societies, an overseer of Harvard College, a Lowell lecturer, a vestryman of Trinity Church, and many other things that good Bostonians come to be. He was very much liked, too, and was altogether, and on many accounts, a man whom Boston will be sad to part with.

A REPORT comes from Chicago that some one lately offered a great Western railroad company $150,000 a year for the privilege of advertising on the outside of all the freight-cars of its system. The offer was declined, partly because the company wanted to advertise itself on its cars, partly because of the fear that the numbers of the cars would be so inconspicuous as to be overlooked. Perhaps, too, the company objected to having its cars disfigured, but that is not among the reasons given.

Railroads should be encouraged to be more attentive to comeliness and more intolerant of disfigurement. The great roads in these days are much handsomer than they used to be, and few of the important steam-roads allow even the inside of their cars to be used for advertising; but the interior decoration of street cars and trolley-cars is still generally regarded from the financial rather than from an esthetic stand-point.

A LAWSUIT which was due to a conflict between the interests of an advertiser and the sentiment of a citizen has just been decided in Michigan. A Michigan statesman achieved in life such reputation that after his death it seemed to a tobacco company that his name and portrait might be made useful to them in their business. So they named a brand of cigars after him, and made barns and bill-boards radiant with his portrait. His widow objected and applied for an injunction. The Supreme Court of Michigan put its mind on the case and denied the application, deciding that the law "does not prevent offences against good taste, nor does it discriminate between persons who are sensitive and those who are not." If the court in Michigan says so, no doubt it is the law; but if so, the law needs stiffening by statute, for the widow ought to have had the relief she demanded.

IT is rumored that Lady Randolph Churchill's *Anglo-Saxon Review* has proved, so far, a financial success. Its success in other respects is obvious, for it is a beautiful object, and there is reason to suspect that there is good reading between its beautiful covers. What high distinction it must be to be a contributor to so gallus a periodical, and be read by crowned heads, belted earls, promoters, and other affluent persons! It is possible that no one has as yet had the impertinence to suggest that Lady Randolph Churchill's incursion into the periodical business is a case of inherited propensity traceable to her father's early exploits as publisher of a newspaper in Rochester.

MR. LOUIS WINDMÜLLER, who writes, in the *North American Review*, about what Americans eat and how they eat it, adheres to the old tradition that our men of business still neglect to take the necessary food in the middle of the day, or, if they eat at all, eat unsuitable food in unwholesome haste. He talks of the suburban resident doing business in New York, who begins the day with a solitary breakfast washed down with draughts of coffee, and at noon approaches a "quick-lunch" counter, seizes a sandwich, and, standing in the midst of a surging crowd, alternately swallows mouthfuls of ham and cold water, until, getting sudden news, he leaves the remnant of his food and hastens away.

If Mr. Windmüller says there are men in New York who habitually abuse their digestions in this awful way, no doubt it is true; but who believes that feeding of this sort is characteristic of New York men of business? The most cursory inspection of the lower part of Manhattan Island, any week-day, between twelve and two, will disclose thousands of men in restaurants, cheap and dear, sitting down to good food, and eating it in moderation and without haste. Hurry and cold bites are to be seen too, but if they are the rule, then appearances are deceptive. Dr. John Watson lately had an article in the *North American*, in which he recorded, in an amusing way, his impressions of the consuming haste with which the American goes about the business of living, and the terrific pace he keeps up. There are Americans who hurry too much and wear themselves out, and there are Britons who don't hurry quite enough and let good things escape them; but, after all, there is a great army of American workers who have both intelligence and experience, and who eat and drink partly for fun, as men should, but chiefly with a view to getting the most possible energy at the least possible cost of digestive effort. It seems fair to doubt, if not to deny, that bad feeding or hurried feeding or overeating is any longer characteristic of the American worker. That he hurries in his work may be true, but if he sprinted as hard all the time as Dr. Watson seems to think he does, he would not get around the course, whereas he does arrive.

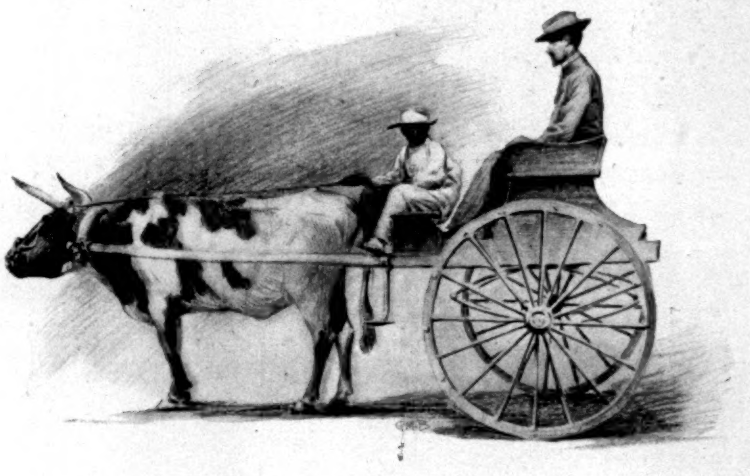
But much that Mr. Windmüller says about how we ought to eat is timely, and there is sure to be sympathy with his protest against our public dinners, with their terrible after-clap of speeches. He says we should have a little talk between each course, as the French do, or, better still, pattern by the Japanese, and have all the speeches precede the dinner. He talks wisely too about adulterations in food, and asserts that we are much less carefully protected against them than our contemporaries are in Europe.

GUAM—LANDING-PLACE AT PITI, WHERE ROAD TO AGAÑA, THE CAPITAL, BEGINS.

Guam—Our Miniature Colony in Mid-Pacific

IN the brief period that has elapsed since the close of the recent war the people of this country have been made comparatively familiar with the characteristics, people, scenery, and various other features of the new colonies that have become ours. Pen, pencil, and camera have poured forth a flood of material, and one cannot pick up a magazine or periodical to-day without encountering an article or illustrations on the subject.

One colony, however, has not participated in this movement, and that is our little island possession of Guam. Situated far out in the Pacific, twelve hundred miles east of Luzon, and about the same distance south of Japan, it has slumbered on peacefully under a happy-go-lucky self-government, varied by occasional flashes of authority from our men-of-war temporarily at anchor in its harbor, until, on the 7th of August of this year, the big white cruiser *Yosemite*, specially fitted out for the purpose, arrived with a Governor, a garrison of a battalion of marines, a band, a post-office, and all the appurtenances necessary for the complete organization of a government, from a postage-stamp to a plough. And now the various functions of the new government are rapidly being organized and perfected, and Guam will proudly claim the honor of being the first American colony to have an organized *permanent* government.



THE USUAL PASSENGER-VEHICLE.

The administration is strictly naval, and the island is, as it were, a large naval station. The Governor is a captain in the navy, Richard P. Leary; the Secretary is Lieutenant Safford, United States navy, and the garrison is two companies of marines. The Governor is accountable to the Secretary of the Navy, and the island is financially, legally, and in every way under the authority of the Navy Department. As the island has no commercial value, and as its function is essentially that of a naval base and coaling-station, it is evidently proper that this should be the case; and, in a small and compact colony of this nature, it would seem that such a unification of interests and authority, by the elimination of all dissensions, jealousy, and political interests, would tend very much to its success and efficiency. Run on true naval principles of order, thoroughness, cleanliness, and discipline, Guam should become a model colony.

The island is twenty-six miles long, and varies in width from four to six miles. Its shores are generally steep and precipitous. The northern half is one large plateau rising abruptly from the sea. Here are grown the fruits of a more temperate climate, and here is produced the coffee in whose growth is the island's commercial future. In the centre is a valley in which is situated the capital town of Agaña, and where the rice-fields and tropical fruits are. The southern half of the island is occupied by a range of hills, sloping abruptly to the western shore, and more gradually to the eastern coast. There are no minerals of commercial value found in the island, and, from the nature of its formation, it is doubtful if research would reveal any. The coral limestone is entirely used for building purposes, and is very easily worked, and hardens fast upon exposure to the air.

On the western side of the island the Oroté Peninsula runs out, and, with an island on the north, forms the harbor of San Luis de Apra, the only real harbor in the Ladrones, and one of the very few good harbors in the Pacific. From the island a coral reef, just awash at low water, makes out to the southward towards Oroté Point, between which and the reef is the narrow entrance. Behind the reef is anchorage in twenty fathoms of water, and here vessels may lie safe from the prevailing north-east trade-winds. Occasionally in the summer the south-west monsoon makes its influence felt enough to roll a swell in through the entrance, but not sufficient to be serious. The harbor is capable of magnificent defence, should the government decide to fortify the position strongly. The great present drawback is the difficulty of access to the shore itself. From its position Guam has a tremendous value strategically in regard to our line of communication with the Philippines, and also by reason of its commanding and central position with regard to the eastern coasts of Asia and Japan. The island has many small streams, particularly in the southeastern portion, where in the rainy season they obtain to quite respectable dimensions. There is one small lake or pond in the hills in the middle of the island, but most of the water-supply may be said to proceed from the frequent and copious rains, which occur here even in the so-called "dry" season.

Animals are very few in number and almost entirely domestic, the only game being a few deer and some wild-boar. There is a type of large bat, which the natives used to eat, but which they have forsaken with the advancing civilization. Birds are also rare, and one does not hear the noisy chatter so common to the tropical forest. There are some game-birds, and fairly good shooting may be had. Like the Emerald Isle, there are no snakes, and a few lizards and some vicious-looking centipedes seemed to complete the unpleasant class of living things, though mosquitoes are very numerous and most annoying.

Domestic animals of the common types exist on the island, though horses are very scarce, and most of the hauling is done by bullocks or by water-buffaloes. These animals are also ridden by the natives, and it is really remarkable to note the speed with which these clumsy beasts get over the ground. The horses are Filipino ponies, small and badly trained. Cattle are few, and it is difficult to procure good fresh meat. Pigs and fowl are numerous, but the supply of everything of the sort is hardly equal to the demand.

The flora of the island has been nearly all imported from elsewhere by dwellers in the island, and there are very few indigenous varieties. It is very varied and luxuriant, and comprises trees and plants of both tropical and temperate zones, and there is an ample variety of fruits and vegetables. The principal trees are the bread-fruit and cocoanut; but ironwood, invaluable for building, magnolia, mango, and many varieties of palm abound along the coast and in the valleys, while on the hills are one or two varieties of pine. Of fruits there are oranges, limes, bananas, lemons, custard-apples, melons, mangoes, apricots, bread-fruit, alligator-pears, and several other semi-tropical fruits. Of vegetables there are corn, beans, rice, tomatoes, sweet-potatoes, squash, cauliflower, asparagus, and a liberal variety. Irish potatoes do not grow well, and cabbage grows too fast in this moist climate to ever head properly.

There are no manufactures on the island, and nothing is produced. The only commerce with the island was by schooners from Japan, by means of which the people procured their oil, canned goods, clothing materials, tools, and other products of civilization. In return, a small amount of copra was occasionally exported. Indolent and contented, the inhabitants produced enough to insure them food, and a roof over their heads, after which they regarded further exertion as a mere waste. Bright and intelligent as they evidently are, it should not take long to train them into habits of industry and activity. It is difficult to see, at this present, in what direction to turn their energy; for there is no commercial activity here now, no mines or quarries to develop, no great field for enterprises of any sort. There is one way, however, in which the island may find a source of wealth, and that, as I have already said, is in the production of coffee. It is now grown here in small quantities of a most excellent size and flavor, quite equal to the Puerto-Rican berry. The crop is not actively grown, and there are no appliances for mechanically separating the husk from the berry. Under scientific and thorough care there should be great success in this direction, and Guam should, some day, supply the whole Pacific and the east coast of Asia with coffee.

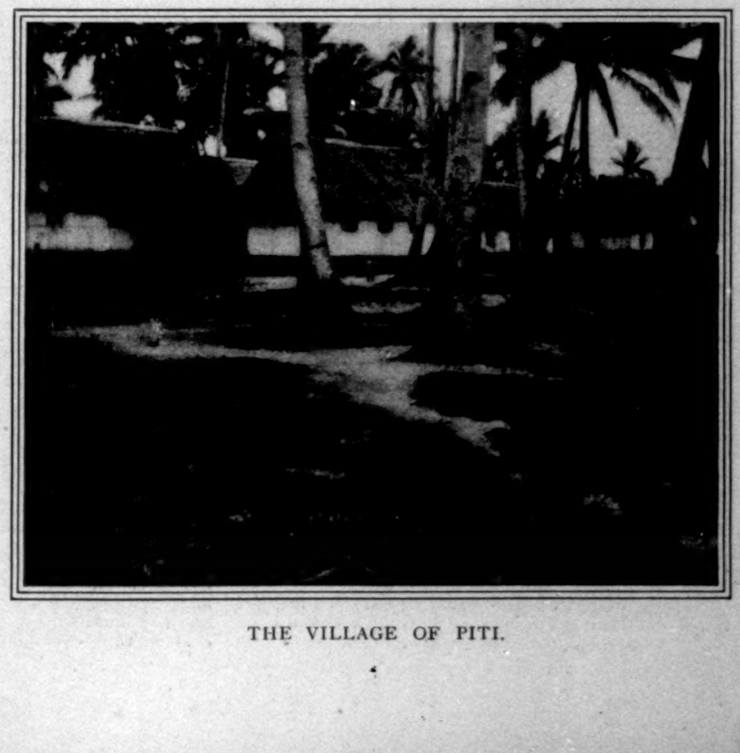
The population of Guam consists of about 8000 or 9000 people, of which no census has been taken in years. Much stress has been laid, in the little that has been written about Guam, upon the prevalence of leprosy. As a matter of fact there is but little of it here—not over a dozen cases; and all these have been carefully segregated. With improved American medical service and sanitation, we should be able to stamp it out entirely.

Over half of the population of the island is collected in Agaña, where the capital was located after the old capital at Umata was destroyed by an earthquake in 1854. There are other villages at different points of the island, but all are quite small. Agaña is located about five miles distant from the landing at Piti on the harbor. Between the two places is a really good road—even at this rainy season quite superior to the average American country road. It skirts along the shore, affording the most beautiful views of the blue Pacific, the foam-swept reef, the white beaches, the rocky points, and inland the green foliage and the graceful palm-trees. At short intervals we cross tiny streams over rustic bridges, each labelled in Spanish with its name. Every little way we pass some neat village of nipa-thatched, bamboo-walled houses, with a little coral-stone chapel, and a school, whence issues the hum of many young voices conning their lessons aloud. We pass many natives, and they all respectfully touch their hats to us, and smile in the most friendly way. Everywhere we are received with courteous pleasure and cordiality.

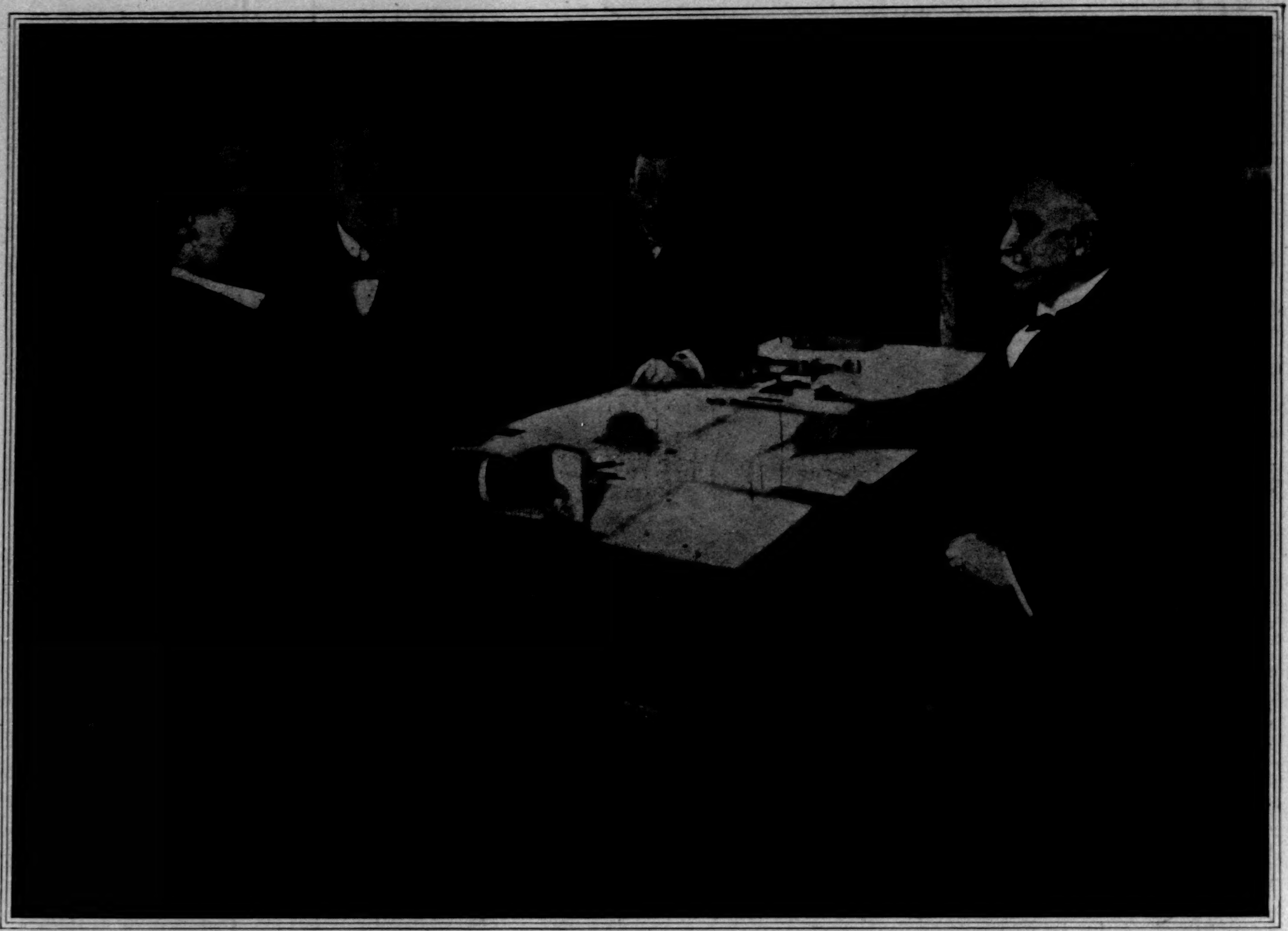
The climate of Guam is moderate and pleasant, being cooler than that of Manila, and quite as comfortable as that of most American summer resorts. There is always a cooling sea-breeze blowing, and life is not at all unpleasant. There is a great deal of rain at this season of the year, but the sun soon shines forth again to dry things up.

Guam will probably never be a great commercial mart, nor a very populous place, but its naval and military value will increase every year, and it will be of the greatest possible service to us in our future relations in the Pacific. This possession, so easily won, has a proportionate value to us far in excess of its size or the facility with which we obtained it.

C. L. POOR, Ensign U. S. N.,
U. S. S. *Yosemite*.



THE VILLAGE OF PITI.



Hon J. G. Schurman, President of Cornell University. Hon Charles Denby, Former U. S. Minister to China. Professor Dean C. Worcester, University of Michigan. Admiral Dewey.

DISCUSSING THE FUTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES—A MEETING OF THE COMMISSION IN WASHINGTON.

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MR. DOOLEY*

VIII.—HIS OPINIONS ON WAR AND WAR-MAKERS

"I TELL ye, Hinnissy," said Mr. Dooley, "ye can't do th' English-speakin' people. Oursilves an' th' hands acrost th' sea ar-re rapidly teachin' th' benighted Lutheryan an' other haythin that as a race we're onvincible an' oncatchable. Th' Anglo-Saxon race meetin's now goin' on in th' Philippeens an' South Africa ought to convince anny wan that, give us a fair start, an' we can bate th' wurruld to a tillygraft office.

"Th' war our cousins be Sir Thomas Lipton is prosecutin', as Hogan says, again' th' foul but accrate Boers is doin' more than that. It's givin' us a common war lithrachoor. I wuddent believe at first, whin I r-read th' despatches in th' pa-apers, that me frind Gin'ral Otis wasn't in South Africa. It was on'y whin I see another chapter iv his justly cillybrated seeryal story, intitled 'Th' Capture iv Porac,' that I knew he had an imitator in th' mother-counthry. An', be hivins! I like th' English la-ad's style almost as well as our own gr-reat artist's. Mebbe 'tis, as th' pa-apers say, that Otis has writ himsilf out. Annyhow, th' las' chapter isn't thrillin'. He says, 'To-day th' ar-rmy undher my command fell upon th' inimy with gr-reat slaughter an' seized th' important town of Porac which I have mintioned befure, but,' he says, 'we ar-re fortunately now safe in Manila.' Ye see, he doesn't keep up th' intherest to th' end. Th' English pote does betther.

"'Las' night at eight o'clock,' he says, 'we found our slendher but inthrepid ar-rmy surrounded by wan hundhred thousan' Boers,' he says. 'We attackted thim with gr-reat fury,' he says, 'pursuin' thim up th' almost inaccessible mountain-side an' capturin' eight guns, which we didn't want, so we give thim back to thim, with siveral iv our own,' he says. 'Th' Irish rig'mints,' he says—'th' Kerry Rifles, th' Land-Leaguers' Own, an' th' Dublin Pets—commanded be th' pop'lar Irish sojer Gin'ral Sir Ponsonby Tompkins, wint into battle singin' their well-known naytional anthem—"Mrs. Innery Awkins is a Fust-class Name." Th' Boers retreated,' he says, 'pursued be th' Davitt Terrors, who cut their way through th' fugitives with awful slaughter,' he says. 'They have now,' he says, 'pinethrated as far as Pretoria,' he says, 'th' officers arrivin' in first-class carredges an' th' men in thrucks,' he says, 'an' ar-re camped in th' bettin'-shed, where they ar-re afforded ivry attintion be th' vanquished inimy,' he says. 'As f'r us,' he says, 'we decided, afther th' victhry, to light out f'r Ladysmith,' he says. 'Th' inimy had similar intintions,' he says, 'but their skill has been vastly overrated,' he says. 'We bate thim,' he says —'we bate thim be thirty miles,' he says.

"That's where we're sthrong, Hinnissy. We may get licked on th' battle-field, we may be climbin' threes in th' Philippeens with arrows stickin' in us like quills, as Hogan says, into th' fretful porcupine, or we may be doin' a mile in five minyits flat down th' pike that leads to Cape Town, pursued be the less fleet but more ignorant Boers, peltin' us with guns full iv goold an' Bibles; but in th' pages iv histhry that our childhren read we niver turned back on e'er an inimy. We make our own gloryous pages on th' battle-field, in th' camp, an' in th' cab'net meetin'."

"Well, 'tis all r-right f'r ye to be jokin'," said Mr. Hennessy, "but there's manny a brave fellow down there that it's no joke to."

"Thrue f'r ye," said Mr. Dooley, "an' that's why I wisht it cud be fixed up so's th' men that starts th' wars could do th' fightin'. Th' trouble is that all th' preliminaries is arranged be match-makers, an' all they's left f'r fighters is to do th' murdhrin'. A man's got a good job at home, an' he wants to make it stronger. How can he do it? By throwin' out some wan that's got an akelly good job down th' sthreet. Now he don't go over, as I wud, an' say, 'Here, Schwartzmeister (or Kruger, as th' case might be), I don't like ye'er appearance; ye made a monkey iv me in argymint befure th' neighborhood, an' if ye continyue in business ye'll hurt me trade, so here goes to move ye into th' sthreet.' Not that la-ad. He gets a crowd around him, an' says he:

"'Kruger (or Schwartzmeister, as th' case may be) is no good. To begin with, he's a Dutchman. If that ain't enough, he's a cantin', hymn-singin', murdhrous wretch that wuddent lave wan iv our counthrymen ate a square meal if he had his way. I'll give ye all two dollars a week if ye'll go over an' desthroy him.' An' th' other la-ad, what does he do? He calls in th' neighbors, an' says he: 'Dooley is sindin' down a gang iv savages to murdher me. Do ye lave your wurruk an' ye'er families an' rally ar-round me, an' where ye see me plug hat wave do ye go in th' other direction,' he says, 'an' slay th' brutal inimy,' he says. An' off goes th' sojers, an' they meet a lot iv la-ads that looks like thimsilves an' makes sounds that's more or less human an' ates out iv plates, an' they swap smokin'-tobacco an' sings songs together, an' th' next day they're up early jabbing holes in each other with long cold baynits. An' whin it's all over they's me an' Chamberlain at home victoryous, an' Kruger an' Schwartzmeister at home akelly victoryous. An' they make me prime minister or aldherman, but whin I want a man to put in me coal I don't take one with a wooden leg.

"I'll niver go down again to see sojers go off to th' war. But ye'll see me at th' depot with a brass band whin th' men that causes wars starts f'r th' scene iv carnage. Whin Congress goes forth to th' sun-kissed an' rain-jooled isles in the Passyfic, no more heartier cheer will be heard thin th' wan or two that rises fr'm th' bosom iv Martin Dooley. Says I, give thim th' chanst to make histhry, an' lave th' young men come home an' make car wheels. If Chamberlain likes war so much, 'tis him that ought to be down there in South Africa, peltin' over th' road, with ol' Kruger chasin' him with a hoe. Th' man that likes fightin' ought to be willin' to turn in an' spell his fellow-counthrymen himsilf. An' I'd aven go this far an' say that if Mack wants to subjoo th' dam Philippeens—"

"Ye're a thraitor," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I know it," said Mr. Dooley, complacently.

"Ye're an anti-expansionist."

"If ye say that again," cried Mr. Dooley, angrily, "I'll smash ye're head."

F. P. DUNNE.

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The Disaster

(LADYSMITH, OCTOBER 30, 1899)

TOLL for the grief
Of the soldier who has failed;
For the grim despatch's woe
Where the soldier's pride was veiled.
For the words were writ in blood
When he wrote the message home—
Home!—where wives and mothers waited—
Not the blood of those who stood
With a courage unabated
When they faced the wily foe,
But in blood that was his own,—
"I, responsible, alone"—
Did he write disaster home.

Toll for the deeps
Of a trusted leader's pain,
When the plans have gone amiss,
And he stands alone, apart,—
Never missiles' cruel rain,
Not the bullet when it leaps
To the centre of a heart
Could assault a soul like this.

Yet, as you weep
Wreathe a laurel for his brow!
Is his fame the dimmer now
That he sowed and did not reap?
For a soldier is the same,
And the same is bravery
Though it bear another name—
Blunder, failure—so it be
But of courage all is well,
And the plaudits of the free
Meet, and drown the wailing toll of the bell.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

"BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS."—J. F. RAFFAELLI.

PORTRAIT.—LUCIEN SIMON.
Honorable Mention.

"MOTHER AND DAUGHTER."
CECELIA BEAUX.—First Prize.

"THE BOATS."—ANDRÉ DAUCHEZ.
Third Prize.

"A SUMMER EVENING."—WINSLOW HOMER.

"THE SISTERS."—FRANK BENSON.
Second Prize.

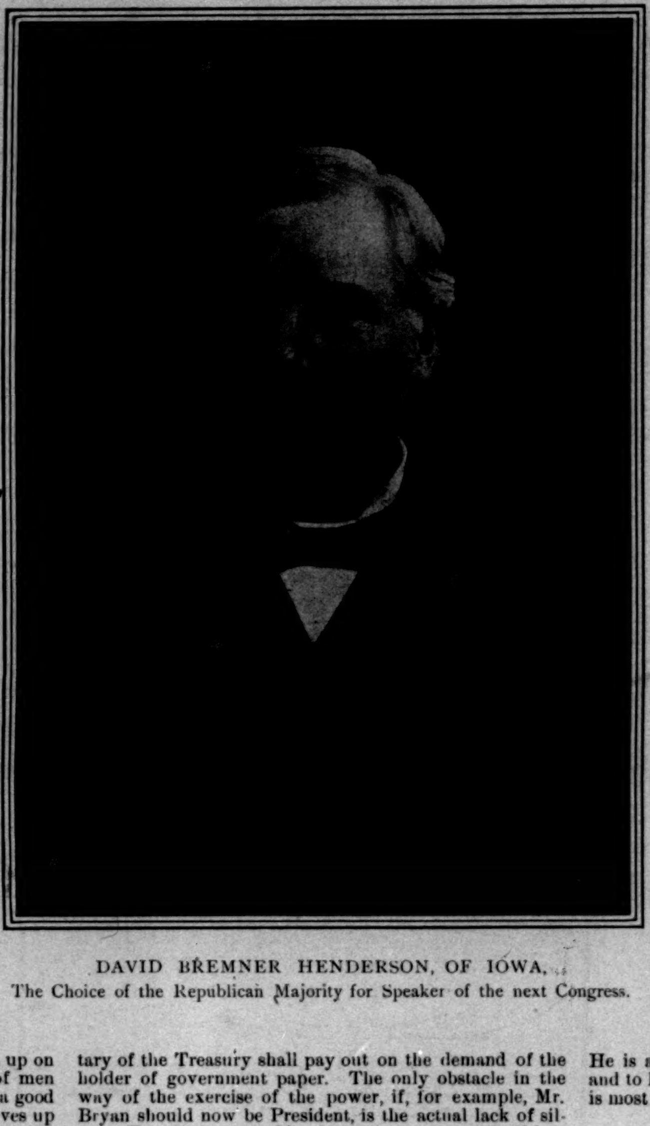
SOME OF THE BEST PICTURES SHOWN AT THE FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG.—BY COURTESY OF THE INSTITUTE.—[SEE PAGE 1149.]

The Next Speaker and the Next Session

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

THE most influential man in the making of the nation's laws is the Speaker of the House of Representatives. This has been true for a long time, but especially true since Mr. Reed was elected Speaker, and succeeded in transforming the popular branch of the government into what he called a "business body." The next Speaker will be David B. Henderson, of Iowa, and the first session of the Fifty-sixth Congress, which will begin on the first Monday of December, may possibly be one of historic interest. It is safe to say that it may be, and it would be very unwise to predict that it will be. Any one who has watched Congress closely knows that even Mr. Reed's "business body" was incapable of large performance. The work which it transacts is, indeed, great in bulk. The statutes enacted are many in number. The record of the speeches made is a most voluminous one. But bulk is not quality, as we all know full well. In the second session of the Fifty-fifth Congress nearly sixteen thousand bills were introduced or had come over from the very short first session. Of these, fewer than five hundred could be counted as of general interest, while less than forty of these became laws. Among the five hundred bills of general interest were many measures intended to effect the same purpose. There were, for example, many army bills and many currency bills, and there were other bills looking to judiciary reforms and changes necessary to meet new conditions, that are duplicates of one another. On the whole, there were not more than a half-dozen important subjects covered by these five hundred measures, and there were enacted into law only two bills of real importance, in addition to the regular and emergency appropriation bills. It will be seen, therefore, how much time Congress would have to devote to the real business of the country if it were not for the thousands of private bills—bills for the benefit or relief of certain individuals—which are not only introduced at every session, but which have the preference over those which concern themselves with the general welfare. It is also clear that even Mr. Reed, strong and intelligent though he be, has not succeeded in revolutionizing the House of Representatives into a business body of marked efficiency. Deliberative as it is, the House of Commons continues to transact a good deal more public business of a general character than our own House of Representatives.

It may be surmised, then, that, notwithstanding the possibilities which lie before the new Congress, there is little likelihood that much will be accomplished. Moreover, I became convinced, from a short talk that I had with Mr. Henderson in Ohio, that he was of like opinion. Mr. Henderson has been a member of Congress for a good many years—it is about sixteen, I think, since he took his seat—and he necessarily knows that a good deal of accomplishment is not to be anticipated from a body of men who have so many errands to run for their constituents. Mr. Henderson is Scotch and full of amiability, and, besides, his partisanship aside, he has a strong and often an independent mind. He has been brought up on hatred of Democrats, but he is one of that kind of men who hate the sin and love the sinner. He says a good deal more against his political opponents than he lives up to, just as you will often find Scotch Calvinists quite confident of the ultimate salvation of some of their friends who have given no sign whatever of being among the elect. It is probable that he will be fair when he is once in the Speaker's chair. There is no doubt that he will try to be. How much pushing he will do, or want to do, is a question. I think only one point is definitely settled, and that touches the currency problem. Mr. Henderson knows what the House caucus committee has accomplished, and thinks that the Senate Finance Committee—the Republican members of it at least—will agree with the House. The gold Democrats who voted for Mr. McKinley have been insisting that something must be done, and something is about to be done. Whether it will satisfy the wishes of the friends of sound currency or not remains to be seen. Mr. Henderson has promised the committee to which the subject was intrusted that he would not tell any one but the President the action which was finally agreed upon, but he believes that the proposed measure will put an end to the power of the Executive to put us practically upon a silver basis by declaring his purpose to redeem bonds and greenbacks in silver, at the option of the Secretary of the Treasury. This, of course, is the main question of the coming session to the man in the Speaker's chair, who is opposed, as Mr. Henderson is, to the enactment of any legislation or the passing of any resolutions touching the Philippines until the war with Aguinaldo is concluded. We will come to that subject, however, later on. The House of Representatives may not be moved by the same desires and purposes as were dominant in the last House; but if it be, there is every reason to believe that a currency bill will be passed by it. It will be necessary that something should be done for currency reform if the votes of any of the gold Democrats are to be again cast for Mr. McKinley. That the measure may not become a law even after it shall have passed the House is as certain as it is that the Senate is an inoperative body. Moreover, it is much more given over to the silver heresy than the popular branch of Congress. Mr. Henderson is clearly doubtful about the Senate, but he is sure of the House; and he believes that the currency legislation will be of more importance than Mr. McKinley thought it likely to be when I saw him last August. The President, it may be recollected, thought that Congress would do something that would make the single gold standard more certain, but Mr. Henderson is of the opinion that the legislation which will pass the House will be sufficient, if it could become law, to take away from the executive branch of the government the power practically to overthrow the gold standard and to depreciate the currency. This power is undoubtedly now possessed by the Executive through his right to interpret the word coin to mean either gold or silver, or through the power bestowed upon him by the law to exercise his discretion as to which metal the Secretary of the Treasury shall pay out on the demand of the holder of government paper. The only obstacle in the way of the exercise of the power, if, for example, Mr. Bryan should now be President, is the actual lack of silver. But the law should take away the power, and it is that which is done by the measure that the caucus and Senate finance committees have about agreed upon, if I understand Mr. Henderson correctly, and if he is well advised.



DAVID BREMNER HENDERSON, OF IOWA,

The Choice of the Republican Majority for Speaker of the next Congress.

Beyond this nothing has been determined on. It is hoped that the government will not be obliged to issue any bonds, but if it must borrow money the Secretary will be obliged to have resort to existing legislation. If the currency act passes both the House and the Senate, there will be no need of authorizing gold bonds for the purpose of securing a loan at a low rate of interest. But it was clear from Mr. Henderson's conversation that he had no thought that a loan would be required, no matter how heavy the expenditures for the army may be.

It was also evident that no thought whatever has been taken as to the condition of the Puerto-Ricans under the changed tariff conditions, which close or limit the Cuban market to their tobacco, and shut their coffee out of Cuba and Spain. It may be recalled that Secretary Root was very much disturbed, when he was looking into the distress occasioned by the hurricane in Puerto Rico, to learn that even if the storm had not destroyed the homes and the crops of the islanders, the rule of the United States would eventually have brought ruin to them—was, in fact, bringing ruin to them at the very time that the hurricane swept away so many of their visible possessions. I concluded, from the few words on this subject which Mr. Henderson uttered, that every one was waiting for General Davis's report, and that no legislation whatever has been prepared looking to the relief of these people from a state of things resulting from a change of sovereignty, which has closed to them, or at least barred with a tariff, the markets the command of which formerly gave to them all their prosperity.

The President has said so often that the future relations of the country to what he generally alludes to as our "new possessions" are to be determined by Congress, that I naturally tried to ascertain what the new leader of Congress had in mind on this subject. I was not able, however, to ascertain that any definite project was entertained. The fact seems to be that Congress is waiting upon the President. The first "new possession" to be dealt with is naturally Hawaii. That is ours beyond peradventure, and there is no opposition there to our authority. We are governing the islands under a resolution of Congress which bestows upon the President all the executive, legislative, and judicial functions formerly exercised by the Dole government. Our navigation laws extend to them, and their commerce is taxed by our tariff regulations, which are not those which prevail here. It is apparent that no change is intended here.

As to Puerto Rico, as I have already said, everything hangs on General Davis's report, which, it is presumed, the President expects to have in his hands in time to deal with it in his annual message. Nothing is expected to be done, either, in respect to the government of Cuba. The problem there also is to remain for the President to work out still farther before action by Congress is invited. The war in the Philippines is also to prevent action with respect to these islands.

Mr. Henderson seems to be strongly of the opinion that the fighting must absolutely cease before Congress can be permitted to take any part in the solution of the question touching our future relations to them.

Unless something happens not now foreseen by the power which, more than any other, has the shaping of legislation, Congress will not take any step looking to the bringing of the war to an end. That task will be left to the Executive, and especially to the military arm of the government. And when the war is over, what then will be done? No one knows; every one seems to be waiting for advice, or for the revelations or necessities of the moment.

Whatever is eventually decided upon, it may be safely assumed that Mr. Henderson will be guided largely by the administration. He has, as I have said, a strong tendency towards independence. It has been supposed that he would be very much opposed to annexation, but all that I could persuade him to say on this subject was that no one, he thought, had yet determined absolutely that the Philippines should become permanently part of the United States. However, he will be guided in his conclusions, when he thinks that the time has come when he must reach conclusions, first by the President, and eventually by the wishes of the House of Representatives; for however strong and influential a Speaker may be, he cannot run counter to the majority of his own party in Congress. He may dictate what bills shall be considered, what debate shall take place, and what amendments may be offered, but he cannot force the House to pass, or even to consider, what the majority is opposed to, and I judge that Mr. Henderson will, in the end, accept as the best whatever policy may be adopted by the majority of the party which is about to make him Speaker.

It may be assumed, also, that Mr. Henderson will be a stanch friend of civil service reform, for he has always been that, and he has sometimes had a good deal of influence in turning aside raids upon it. He will also be a friend of liberal pension appropriations. He is an old soldier, having lost a leg in the civil war, and to him an old soldier, or the widow of an old soldier, is most deserving of the government's generosity.

Beautiful Jean

BEAUTIFUL Jean, when the Spring-time comes,
And the gold-belted bee in the locust hums;
When in billows of pink the peach-bloom blows
And apple and plum scatter swirls of snows;
When the scarlet wreath of the cross-vine swings
And the bluebell there in the garden rings—
No blossom aglow through the world of green
Is fair as your face, my beautiful Jean.

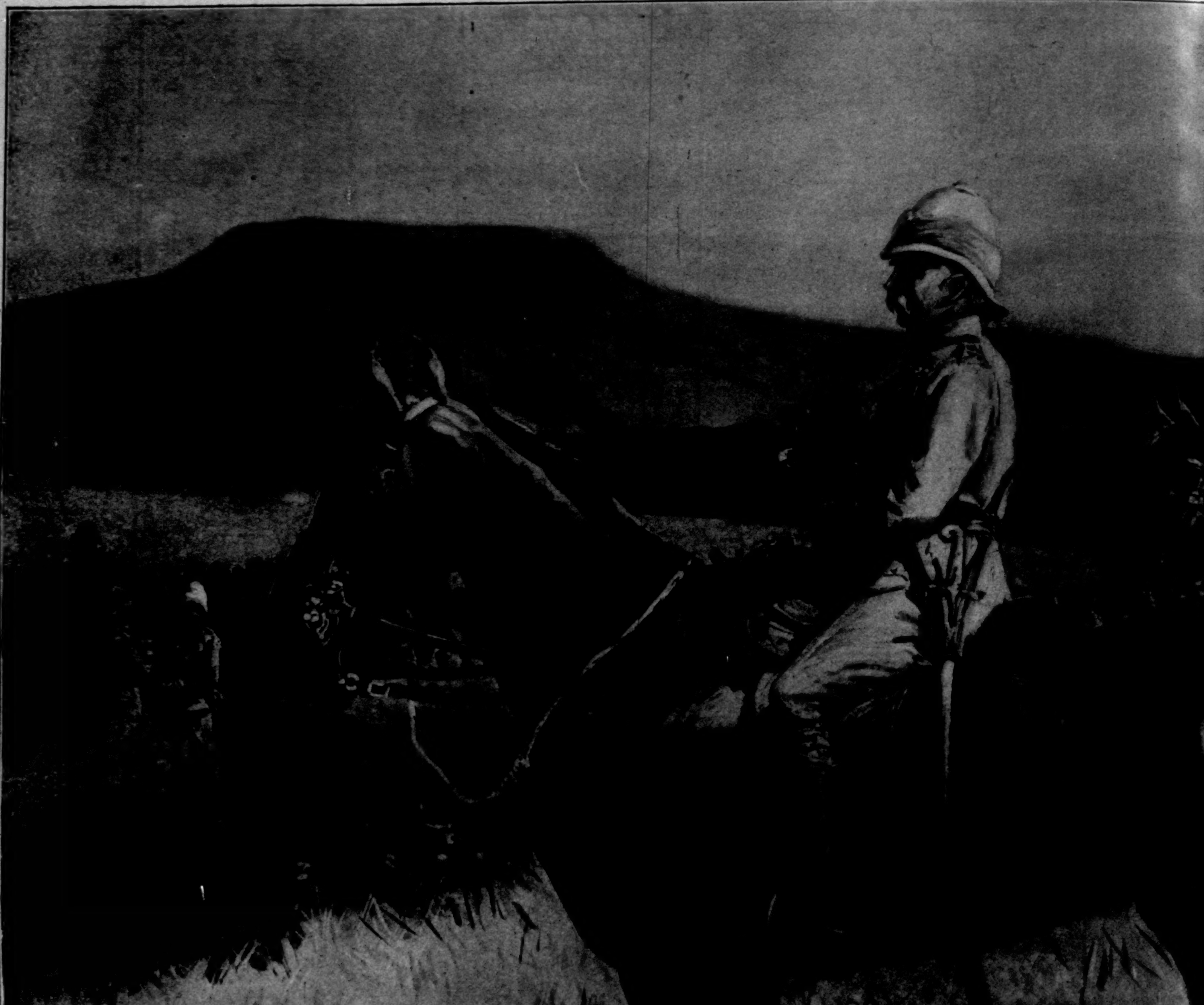
Beautiful Jean, when the poppies burn
And the grapes into gold and purple turn;
When the rippling wheat hides the partridge nest,
And the trumpet-flower flaunts with his flaming crest;
When the ferns droop low by the woodland stream,
And the gray dove cooes in a blissful dream—
No charm of the Summer gives soul to the scene
As the sweet, sweet smile of beautiful Jean.

Beautiful Jean, when the asters blaze,
And the gentians gleam by the country ways;
When the maples flush with a royal red
Where the broken heart of the Autumn bled;
When the chill dews weep at the close of day
For glory of earth that is passing away—
Your heart is aglow in a golden sheen,
Forsaking me not, my beautiful Jean.

Beautiful Jean, when the North wind blows,
And the desolate fields are forsaken to snows;
When the dead branch waves in the dull gray glooms
And the blossoms are laid in their chilly tombs;
When the lilies lift in their pride no more,
And the roses all are a dream of yore—
You reign in my heart, my empress, my queen,
Through sun or through snow, my beautiful Jean.

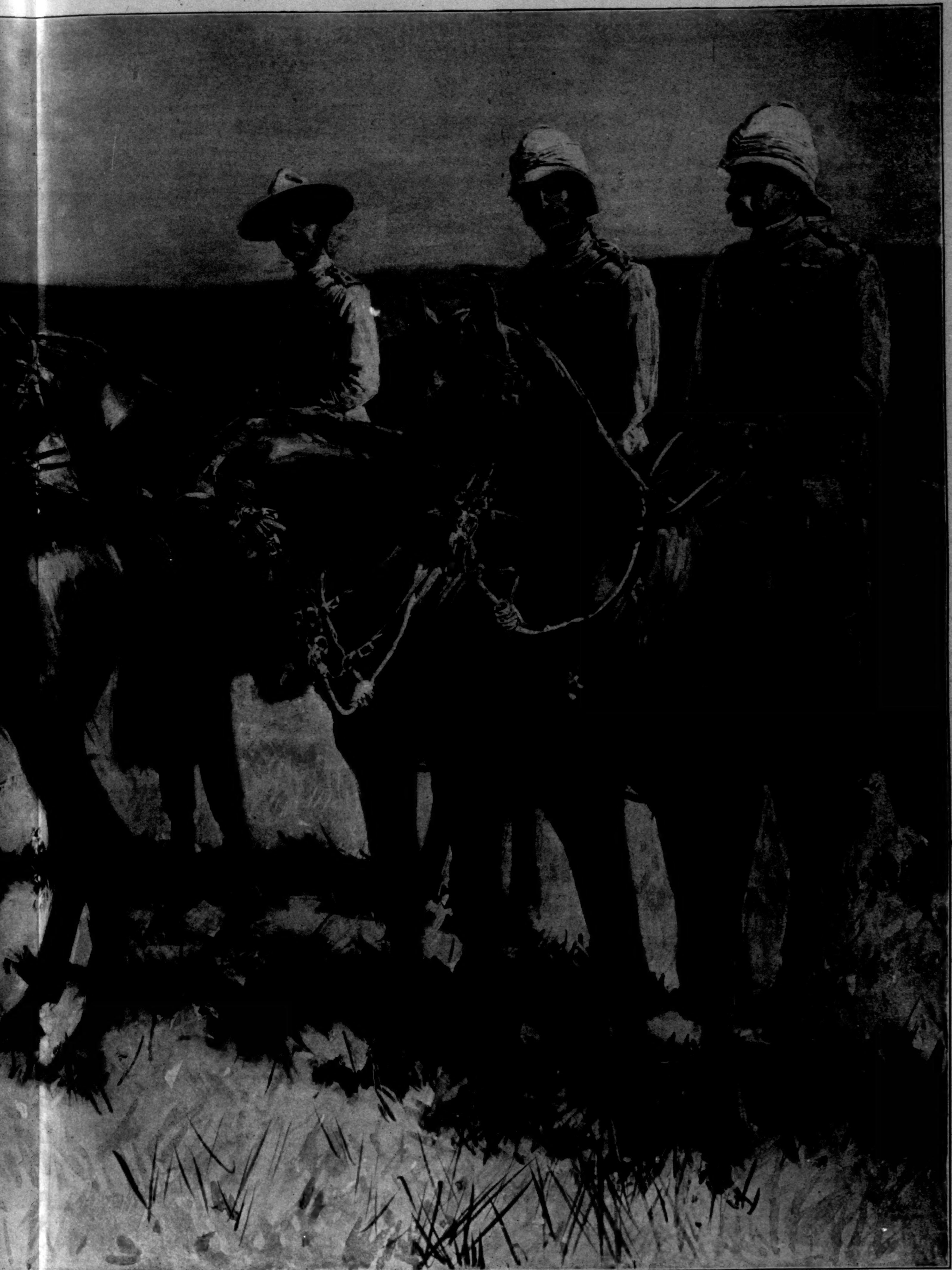
WALTER MALONE.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—LATEST MAP OF THE TWO REPUBLICS NOW IN CONFLICT WITH GREAT BRITAIN.



Lieutenant-General Sir Redvers Henry Buller,
G.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.B., V.C., Commander-in-Chief.

THE ANGLO-BOER WAR—A PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE BRITISH OFFICERS CO



Colonel R. S. S. Baden-Powell, Commanding at Mafeking

Major-General Sir George Stewart White, V.C., G.C.I.E., G.C.B , G.C.S.I., Commanding in Natal.

Lieutenant-General Sir F. W. E. Forestier-Walker, K.C.B., C.M.G., Commanding in Cape Colony.

S COMMANDING AT THE DIFFERENT POINTS OF INTEREST.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX. *By Edward S. Van Zile*

This story was begun September 9, 1899

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Louis de Sancerre, a noble of France, having killed a Spanish grandee in a duel for love, has come with de la Salle to try his fortune in a new world. At dead of night an old woman brings him a piece of bark, on which is scratched the name of Julia de Aquilar, for whom he has left his native land. Katonah, sister of Chatémuc, a trusted Indian guide, has become enamoured of him. De la Salle decides to send de Sancerre, Chatémuc, and Katonah to discover their midnight visitor. The story reverts to Seville, whence Don Rodrigo de Aquilar is sailing for the lands in America granted him by the Spanish King. He is accompanied by his daughter, Julia, and his secretary, Juan Rodriquez. On the voyage the latter declares to Julia his love for her, and threatens mischief in case of refusal. The vessel is wrecked. Juan Rodriquez swims with Julia to the shore, and later sees from a distance two white-robed beings carry her away.... La Salle's mission, to which have been added Henri de Tonti, the explorer's bosom friend, and Zenobe Membré, a Franciscan friar, reaches the "Children of the Sun," as the natives style themselves, and is hospitably received. De Sancerre defeats Cabanacte, grandson of Noco, the interpreter of the natives, in a foot-race. Noco informs him that Coyocop, a mysterious being discovered on the sea-shore by the natives, and whom they have deified, is the author of the message received by him. Chatémuc is tortured to death for attempting to extinguish the sacred fire. Membré and Katonah escape in disguise. De Sancerre discovers that Coyocop is really Julia de Aquilar. Katonah returns with a note from de la Salle. De Sancerre, Julia, and Noco escape to the woods. Noco dies, and Katonah and Cabanacte wed. De Sancerre and Julia reach the Mississippi after a brush with the natives.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH DOÑA JULIA IS REMINDED OF THE PAST.

IT was night; black, oppressively damp, with thunder in the air, and fitful lightning zigzagging across the sulky sky. With deep sighs, the forest prepared for the chastisement of the threatening storm. A sound like the sobbing of great trees followed the distant grumbling of dark, menacing clouds. The flying, climbing, crawling creatures of the woods and swamps and river-banks had heeded the warnings of the hour and had stolen to shelter from the wrath of the fickle spring-time.

The majestic Mississippi, swollen with the pride of power, flowed downward in silence through the gloom to throw its mighty arms around the islands near the Gulf. Now and again its broad expanse would reflect for an instant the lightning's glare, and then grow blacker than before, as if it repented of its recognition of the storm. Presently great drops of water pelted the bosom of the stream, and far to the westward the forest cried out against the sudden impact of the resounding rain.

For many hours de Sancerre had been guiding his raft with an improvised paddle, the blade of which he had made from the wood of a powder-keg; and the long afternoon, when it had run its course, had left the adventurers nearer to the Gulf by many weary miles than they had been at embarkation. Worthy of the trust which the dauntless Frenchman had placed in it, the hospitable stream had gently carried de Sancerre's raft down the watery pathway along which Sieur de la Salle had found the road to disaster and immortality.

An hour before sunset, however, misfortune, in defiance of the saintly name which Doña Julia had bestowed upon their primitive vessel, had overtaken the fugitives. Several logs, disaffected through the treachery of rotten cord, had broken away from the sides. Fearing the complete disintegration of his raft, de Sancerre had, with some difficulty, succeeded in making a landing and in removing his precious gun and stores to the shelter of the underbrush. He had hardly completed his task, and drawn his unreliable craft up to a safe mooring upon the shore, when the unwelcome storm had begun to fulfil its threats.

"I fear," exclaimed de Sancerre, drawing Doña Julia close to his side, as they strove to shelter themselves from the rain beneath the overhanging bushes on the river-bank—"I fear our supper will be cold and wet to-night. I now begin to understand just why those white-robed Children of the Sun should worship fire. You tremble, *ma chère*. Tell me, are you cold?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Doña Julia, her face close to his to defeat the uproar of the rain. "The storm will pass. Ah, señor, what cause we have for gratitude!"

Somewhere in the forest at their backs the lightning struck a tree, and their eyes rested for an instant upon a river made of flames, which a crash of angry thunder extinguished at their birth.

"Mother Mary, save us!" exclaimed the girl, while the hand which de Sancerre held trembled for an instant in his grasp.

"The worst has passed, sweetheart," he murmured, reassuringly, bending down until his lips touched hers. "Listen! The rain falls lighter upon the leaves above us now. These sudden storms in southern lands are like the—"

"Si, señor?"

"Like the anger of a Spaniard, I had said," confessed de Sancerre.

"Mayhap," murmured the girl, her eyes meeting his, despite the blackness of the gloom. "And think you, sir, they're like a Spaniard's love?"

"*Ma foi!* how can I tell?" he cried, laughingly. "You, señora, must guide me to the truth. But listen!" he went on, his voice growing earnest, as, forgetful for the moment of the storm and perils of the night, he gazed down upon the upturned face of a maiden who had shown to him the unsuspected depths of his own heart. "If your love for me is but a passing fancy, born of solitude and taught to speak by chance, I beg of you to pray the saints that I may die to-night. To live to lose your love—I'd choose a thousand deaths instead!"

In the girl's dark eyes de Sancerre could see a protest growing as he spoke.

"Nay, señor," she murmured, turning her gaze from his to watch the distant lightning as it flashed across the waters from the black clouds which covered the storm's retreat. "My life has been so strange I fear I may not speak as other maidens would. But why should I not confess the truth? My love for you is not a forest growth. The saints forgive me, I loved you at Versailles! If in this awful wilderness you're dearer to my heart than when, at court, you hurt my pride and showed my heart itself, 'tis not my fickleness which is at fault. I've loved none other, señor, in my life."

"You were betrothed!" exclaimed de Sancerre, impulsively, a man rather than a courtier at the moment.

"'Tis a story for another hour than this," said Doña Julia, softly. "Don Josef! Mother Mary, be good to him! I always hated him, señor—although my hand was his. But look how the moon breaks through above those clouds! The storm is over and the night grows clear. Shall we launch our raft again? I fear the forest, señor, more than yonder stream."

"Nay, I dare not float at night, *ma chère*," answered de Sancerre, smoothing the raven hair from her white forehead, as her head rested upon his shoulder, and they watched the fickle night change its garb of black fringed with fire for the silvery costume vouchsafed by the full moon. "I fear I might steal past my captain in the dark."

Suddenly he pressed her face, splendid in its beauty as the moon caressed it, to his breast, while he gazed across his shoulder at the dripping forest with eyes large with sudden fear.

"God in heaven! There it comes again!"

Against his will, the words forced themselves from de Sancerre's parched lips.

"What is it, señor?" whispered Doña Julia, trembling at the horror in his voice.

"A white, misshapen thing," he muttered, hoarsely. "I've seen it once before. It lies upon the ground beneath a tree."

They neither moved nor spoke for a long moment. De Sancerre strove in vain to rouse the mocking sceptic in his mind. Son of a superstitious age, he could not conquer the idea that he was haunted in the wilds by the lover of this girl, whom he had slain. Presently, as he still watched the white blotch beneath the weeping tree, his will regained its strength, and he exclaimed:

"Sit here, señora. I'll go to it!"

He sprang to his feet, and on the instant Doña Julia stood by his side, while her gaze followed his toward the spectral outlines of an outstretched man, motionless and ghastly beneath the moon.

"The saints protect us! You shall not go alone!" exclaimed the girl, putting an icy hand into de Sancerre's grasp, and taking a firm step toward the mystery which tested the courage of her soul.

"You must not come with me, señora," cried de Sancerre, budging not an inch. "From where you stand your eyes can follow me. I shall return at once."

Releasing her hand, the Frenchman sprang forward, and in another moment stood gazing down at the almost naked body of a man, whose soul at that very instant had passed from this world to the next. In death the thin, drawn face regained the lines of youth, but on the head the hair was white, and on his chin a tuft of beard gleamed like silver in the moonlight. There was no flesh upon his bones. The night wind stirred the rags still clinging to his frame, and tossed an oil-skin bag, fastened by a string around his neck, across his chest. A crucifix in miniature rested at that instant just above his heart.

"*Nom de Dieu!* it is a Spaniard—but not the ghost of him I slew!" exclaimed de Sancerre, breaking away from the horrid spectacle to return to Doña Julia. He had no need to go, for the girl was at his side, gazing down at the corpse with horror-stricken eyes.

"'Tis Juan Rodriquez!" she exclaimed, in a tone which voiced a conflict of emotions. "He goes to God with black, foul crimes upon his soul!"

"Who was this man, señora?" asked de Sancerre, in amazement, drawing the girl to one side out of the insistent glare from the shrivelled corpse.

"An evil, treacherous creature, señor, who served my father as a scribe. I thought that he had perished with the others in the ship. I spoke his name to-day, when I told you the story of my father's awful fate. From the moment of my father's fall, until I found myself within the City of the Sun, my memory is dumb. That was a year ago and more. The man who's lying there has suffered torments, señor, before his time was ripe."

"He'd lost his reason and become a beast," exclaimed de Sancerre, shortly. "But still, he was from Europe, and has a claim upon us! I'll get my paddle and scratch a hole to hide him from the wolves. And then I'll say a prayer, and let him rest in peace."

"He was a murderer!" gasped the girl, trembling with cold as the rising breeze forced her damp garments against her weary limbs.

"*Ma foi!* if that is so, our prayers are little worth. But come, *chérie*, there is less wind beneath this hill. I will return and throw some earth above those bones. If that white fragment of a wicked man had murdered all my kin, I would not leave him there uncovered for all time. He came from lands we know—and so I'll treat him well! God! how I shall welcome the sight of de la Salle!"

With quick sympathy the girl put her hand upon de Sancerre's arm as they turned their faces toward the glimmering flood.

"A woman is so useless, señor!" she exclaimed. "I can do naught but pray! But show me how I best may aid you now. I will try so hard!"

"You know not what you say, señora!" cried de Sancerre, in Spanish, clasping the cold hand resting upon his arm as he led her toward the river. "Useless, quotha? Is a woman useless who teaches a wayward, rebellious, mocking heart the peace and glory of true love? I say to you, my Julia, that as Mother Mary is greater than the saints, so is a good woman better than the best of men."

Then he added, smiling gayly as his happy eyes met her earnest gaze, and changing his tongue to French, "Not, *chérie*, that I am the best of men!"

"You are to me! Is not that enough?" she murmured, in a tone which made sweet music to his ears.

A half an hour had passed, and de Sancerre had returned to the girl from his grewsome task as a grave-digger. The awful fate of the murderer, to whom he had given hasty burial, depressed his spirits, for the dead man had borne upon his emaciated frame the marks of his long year of misery—a year during which he had wandered through the wilds in a great circle, until hunger and exposure had made him a mad, crawling animal, too long despised by death itself.

"There were papers in this oil-skin bag," remarked de Sancerre, throwing himself wearily upon the bank beside Doña Julia. "As he was secretary to your father, I thought it best to examine what he had kept so safe upon his breast. It was not wrong, *ma chère?*"

The girl's face was even paler than its wont was, as she met her lover's questioning eyes. Her lips trembled slightly as she said:

"He boasted once, upon our vessel's deck, that he'd be master when we reached New Spain. Our King had granted lands and silver-mines in Mexico to my dear father, rewarding him for his success in France. 'Tis possible—"

An exclamation uttered by de Sancerre interrupted Doña Julia's surmise. The Frenchman had been examining two imposing parchments by the clear light of the full moon.

"Your father's scribe, señora, was a man of fertile mind. King Charles of Spain has made two grants, covering the same ground—one to his 'dear beloved son in Christ, Don Rodrigo de Aquilar,' and the other to his 'dear beloved son in Christ, Don Juan Rodriquez.' 'Tis clear enough that one of these is forged, but, for my life, I could not pick the honest parchment from the false. Why yonder villain kept them both, I do not understand."

"I think I know," mused the girl, in a weary voice. "He thought less of robbery than how to make me his. He would have torn this skilful counterfeit into a thousand bits had I been kind to him."

"*Nom de Dieu!* He dared to—"

Doña Julia glanced chidingly at the Frenchman.

"You spoke not harshly of him when I told you of his awful crimes," she said, while her hand crept shyly into de Sancerre's. "Is he less worthy of your leniency because he schemed to win the hand you hold?"

"'Tis selfishness, I know," said de Sancerre, thoughtfully, gazing contentedly into the dark eyes which met his. "I cared but little that he'd killed some man I never knew, but if he loved you, señora, I'm glad he died the death." Seizing the forged parchment upon his lap, the Frenchman tore it to pieces, and scattered the fragments upon the ground. Then he replaced the genuine grant in the oil-skin bag, and fastened it to his sword-belt.

"I must repair my raft, *ma chère*," he said to the girl a moment later, bending down to kiss her cheeks, cold and smooth and white. "You will forgive me, sweetheart, for loving you so well?"

Not far away the moonlight, falling in soft radiance between the trees, had thrown upon a rough grave, newly made, the shadow of a cross.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN WHICH ST. EUSTACE IS KIND TO DE SANCERRE.

OVERLOOKING the waters of the great river, as they met and mingled with the waves of a lonely sea, stood a wooden column beside a wooden cross. Almost hidden by the shadow of the pompous pillar, the cross, unmarked by hand of man, made no open claim to power, but awaited patiently the outcome of the years. Upon the column had been inscribed the words,

"Louis le Grand, Roy de France et de Navarre, règne; le Neuvième Avril, 1682."

One afternoon, late in the month of May, a man, pale, dejected, moving with the heavy step of one who had undergone great bodily fatigue, led a maiden, upon whose white face lay the shadow of a weariness against which youth could not prevail, toward the King's Column. Removing his bonnet from a head grown gray from recent hardships, the man, releasing the girl's hand, bent a knee before the proud emblem of his sovereign. At the same moment the maiden knelt down before the cross, and, weeping softly, breathed a prayer to a Mother whose Son had died for men.

Presently the girl arose and, followed by him who had paid his tribute to the fleeting power of kings, skirted the royal column, and seated herself upon a mound of sand, from which she could sweep with her dark, mournful eyes the expanse of a gulf new to the keel of ships.

"It is a mystery which I cannot fathom," said de Sancerre, mournfully, throwing himself down by Doña Julia's side, and gazing up at her sad, sweet face with eyes heavy from a disappointment which had crushed, for the time being, the fond hopes which had inspired him through long days of labor and nights of wakeful vigilance. "The good faith of the stern, upright de la Salle I cannot doubt. He would jeopardize his life and all his mighty projects to rescue a comrade to whom his word was pledged. We must have passed him somewhere in the twilight of the dawn or when I used the sunset's glow too long."

"What seemeth best to do, señor?" asked the girl, turning her gaze from the cruel sea to look into the face of a man upon whose courage and resourcefulness she had good reason to rely.

"*Ma foi*, I hardly know!" muttered the Frenchman, looking about him upon the scattered remnants of de la Salle's encampment. "My captain may return—but 'twill be a weary while ere he comes back. A year, at least, must pass before he reaches here again. We stand in no great danger from starvation, but 'tis a lonely shore. I thought to lead you from captivity, and, lo! I've merely changed your cabin-prison to a sandy jail! I fear St. Maturin has turned his face from me!"

"Be not cast down, señor," whispered Doña Julia, in her native tongue. "It cannot be that Mother Mary, who has been most kind to us, will leave us here to die."

"'Twould be unreasonable," exclaimed de Sancerre, almost petulantly. Then he went on, making an effort at cheerfulness. "But, for the present, we have no cause to lose all hope. This desert shore seems safe from savage men. My musket there will gain us meat enough, and in the forest there are fruits and berries fit for royal boards. In sooth, 'Le Roy de France et de Navarre' has won a kingdom rich in all good things."

"We're safe from savage men, you say, señor," remarked Doña Julia, musingly, casting a meaning glance behind her at the silent woods. "I fear you do not understand the nation which we have defied." She smiled sadly as she went on: "You have abducted Coyocop, a goddess sent from heaven to make their people great. Although your musket filled them with dismay, they'll follow us."

The lines of care upon de Sancerre's drawn face grew deeper as he listened thoughtfully to the girl's words:

"We've left no trail," he mused, gazing longingly at the horizon where the sea-line met the sky. "They're keen as woodsmen, but the river tells no tales. But mayhap you are right! You've known them long and heard the sun-priests talk. And if the worst should come, *ma chère*, I'd die for you with sword and gun in hand beneath the blazoned arms of France. 'Twould be a fitting ending for a Count of Languedoc."

"Speak not so sadly, señor," exclaimed Doña Julia, placing a gentle hand upon his shoulder, and looking into his face with courageous, hopeful eyes. "I sought not to dishearten you, but 'tis well for you to know the truth. To linger where we are is far from safe."

"That may be so," admitted de Sancerre, reflectively, as he examined the lock of his musket, and then stood erect to cast a searching glance across sea and land. The restless billows of the Gulf, the marshy coast, the islands at the river's mouth, and the grim forest overlooking the waters formed a picture on which human eyes had seldom gazed. At this moment the outlook held no menace to the eyes or ears of de Sancerre. "To linger where we are, señora, may not be safe," he remarked, as he reseated himself and took her hand in his, "but where 'tis best to go I hardly know. Our raft will not float up stream, and we cannot put to sea. We have not much to choose. Between this hillock and the next there can be no great difference in the perils which surround us. And somehow, señora, I feel nearer to my captain with the arms of France above my head."

Doña Julia pressed de Sancerre's hand, and her quick sympathy shone in her dark eyes.

"Your captain, señor—you loved him?"

"De la Salle? I know not that I loved him. But I would have followed him to hell! There is a grandeur in my captain's soul which draws to him the little men and makes them great. Aye, señora, by all succeeding ages the name of him who raised this wooden column, against which we lean, in honour must be held! The deeds of de la Salle shall live when the feats of countless noisy boasters are forgotten. But that I loved this mighty leader I cannot say. I've served in Europe under lesser men than de la Salle, who led me by the heart, while he, methinks, appeals but to my head. He rules us not with velvet, but with steel, this dauntless captain, upon whose martial figure I would that I might gaze. And that is best, in such a band as this! Followed by red men and wild border outlaws, he could not hold them should he smile and scrape. And, at the best, he cannot trust his men. They grumble at their captain because he has no weakness in their eyes."

De Sancerre's long speech, to which Doña Julia had listened with forced attention, had changed the melancholy current of his thoughts and restored the lines of firmness to his mouth, the light of courage to his eyes. The memory of the bold adventurer under whom he had served for many months, and the inspiring legend which he had read and re-read upon the column at his back, had revived the martial spirit in his impressionable soul, and his face and voice no longer bore evidence of the bitter disappointment which had driven him to the verge of despair when he had made the discovery that Sieur de la Salle had abandoned his camp at the Mississippi's mouth. With gun in hand, the Frenchman stood erect.

"Listen, *ma chère*, for I crave your counsel and advice," he said, gazing down at Doña Julia. "We may be here for months before we find a means of rescue, either by land or sea. We're worn with sleeplessness and toil; but, more than this, our bodies crave strong food. We've eaten meal and berries until I dream of Vatel when I doze—great Condé's cook, who killed himself because a dish was spoiled. My gun could add a fat wild turkey to our larder, but the point is this: the musket's noise might lead our dusky enemies to seek us here. I feared not their persistence, till you spoke of it. This column and the arms it bears would make no great impression upon our foes."

"Our only hope must lie in yonder cross," murmured Doña Julia, devoutly. Then she gazed upward at the thin, white face of a man who might well call himself at this moment "a splinter from a moonbeam," so thin and white he looked. The horror of her situation should her brave protector fall sick from lack of nourishing food forced itself impressively upon her mind.

"Twill do no harm, señor," she went on, "for you to snap your gun. In any case, our enemies, if they are still upon our track, would find us here, and if they hear your musket's loud report, 'twill check them for a time. They'll think the woods are haunted with demons threatening them."

"*Ma foi*, they would be, had I the magic which I claim!" exclaimed de Sancerre, examining carefully the priming of his gun. "I think, señora, that what you say is true. If those brown devils are now upon our trail, our silence cannot save us. St. Eustace be my guide! We'll break our fast at sunset, sweetheart, upon a bit of meat. I'll not go out of sight. I've wasted too much time, for we must choose a lodging for the night before the dark has come."

Reinvigorated in mind and body, de Sancerre descended the hillock, from which the King's Column and the Cross of Christ looked down upon an empire over which the reign of the proud pillar was not destined to endure. With eyes raised to heaven, Doña Julia knelt before the humble emblem of her faith, and besought the saints to guard her champion from the perils which might at this moment beset his steps. Then she arose, and leaning against the wooden monument, watched, with ever-growing interest, the versatile Frenchman's efforts to satisfy his craving for a more nourishing diet than his labors as a raftsman had permitted him to gain.

"*Peste!*" muttered de Sancerre, as he made his way through the long grass toward the forest trees, "this musket is heavier by many pounds than when the good St. Maturin turned my footsteps toward it. Unless your bullet, *ma petite*, should find its way to yonder sleek but most unsuspicious banquet, I fear you'll grow too weighty for my hands. *Laude et Jubilate!* The bird is mine!"

De Sancerre turned and waved his ragged bonnet toward Doña Julia, who had witnessed the success of his shot, and then, leisurely reloading his musket, made his way toward the precious trophy of his marksmanship. Suddenly he stood stock-still, his head thrown back, and his eyes staring at the forest in amazement. As if in answer to his gun's report, there came from the distant trees the echo of a musket-shot, which thrilled the soul of the startled Frenchman with mingled hope and fear.

"St. Maturin help me!" he exclaimed, in a voice suggesting a parched throat. "Is it friend or foe? I thought, *ma petite*, that you had no kinsman within the radius of many miles."

Striving by gestures to urge Doña Julia to conceal herself behind the King's Column, de Sancerre, with his musket at his shoulder, stretched himself at full length upon the grass, and, while his heart beat with suffocating rapidity, watched with straining eyes a grove of leafy trees, from which the ominous reply to his gun had been made. Suddenly in front of him, almost within a stone's-throw, stood a tall, slender man clad in the unseasonable costume of a Canadian *coureur des bois*. He carried a smoking musket in his hand. At his belt dangled a hatchet, a bullet-pouch, and a bag of tobacco. In a leather case at his neck hung his only permanent friend, his pipe.

"St. Maturin be praised!" cried de Sancerre, springing to his feet and raising his musket to arm's-length above his head. "'Tis that rebellious rascal Jacques Barbier! *Bienvenue*, Jacques! In the name of all the saints at once, how came you here?"

"Gar!" exclaimed the lawless runner of the woods, throwing himself at full length upon the grass, and gazing up at de Sancerre with a smile, hard to analyze, upon his sunburnt, handsome, self-willed face. "It is Monsieur le Comte! My eyes are quick, monsieur. I do not wonder that you staid behind."

Displaying his white teeth mischievously, the *coureur des bois*, a deserter from de la Salle's band of Indians and outcasts, waved a brown hand toward the King's Column.

Hot with anger at the insolence of the outlaw though he was, de Sancerre controlled his temper, and said, calmly, but in a tone of voice which had a restraining effect upon the bush-ranger:

"'Tis a long story, Jacques! I found a Spanish princess in a city built by devils. You've come to me in time to take a hand in a merry little war between the sun and moon. No, Jacques! You're wrong. I can read your mind at once. You think the wilderness has robbed me of my wits. But come! There is much to do, and I must question you about my captain, and why I find you here alone. Bring that nut-fattened turkey up the hill, and we will work and talk and make what plans we may."

Jacques Barbier gazed alternately upward at the retreating figure of de Sancerre and downward at the wild turkey at his feet. Then, with a protesting smile upon his symmetrical but half-savage face, he bent down and raised the fat fowl to his shoulder and followed Monsieur le Comte toward the King's Column. De Sancerre had gained for a time—short or long, as the case might be—an ally whose woodcraft was as brilliant as his lawlessness was incorrigible.

"*Jubilate*, señora," cried the count, as he approached Doña Julia. "The saints have been more than kind! They have filled our larder, doubled our fighting force, and made me younger by ten years. But, señora, 'tis not a pious friend whom I have found! This same Jacques Barbier's a devil, in his way. Wear this, my dagger, at your waist, *ma chère!* I know that you dare use it, should the need arise."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

General Funston on Philippine Problems

San Francisco, *October 25*.

Of all the volunteer officers who have come back from the Philippines, none has received a more hearty welcome here than Brigadier-General Frederick Funston, who won his promotion because of his splendid services as colonel of the Fighting Twentieth Kansas Volunteers. And his stay here has shown him to be modest, sincere, and in deep earnest in his desire to see the war in the Philippines ended as rapidly as possible, and to the credit of American arms.

General Funston talks plainly about the war and the problems which this government must meet and solve if it is to do anything with the administration of the Philippines. He is no politician, but a soldier who would make an excellent administrator, for his views are clear cut, and he has the saving quality of good hard common-sense in large measure. Once seen, his face is not easily forgotten. He is small of stature, but full-chested and compactly built, with the head of a fighter—broad at the ears, and full from back to front. His skin is tanned a clear brown, and his regular features, his close-cropped dark beard, and his brilliant brown eyes make his face very handsome. In speaking of the causes which influenced him to go back to the Philippines, he said to-day:

"I felt, above all other things, that it was my duty to give the government the benefit of my experience, and to help end the war as speedily as possible. Several very fine positions were offered me—honors of which any man might be proud—but I preferred the chance for action, the opportunity to do things that need to be done. I firmly believe that, if the right policy is adopted, the war in the Philippines will collapse within a few months. I am in favor of an aggressive war against the insurgents; not necessarily waged with brutality, but one which will give the Filipinos no rest, and will convince the men in the field, as well as the non-combatants, that we are determined to conquer them, no matter what the cost, and that we will not rest until this is achieved. One great mistake our generals have made was to put too many soldiers in the field for any special work. The Filipinos will not fight, so that to clear three thousand men out of a district not more than five hundred troops would be necessary. Send out small detachments, but see that every place taken is properly garrisoned. In this way a district could be promptly subdued, and it would stay subdued. Lawton illustrated this style of fighting around Laguna de Bay, but he had not the force to hold what his troops captured. When the Spanish troops surrendered, I am convinced we made a great mistake in not taking into our army the native regiments which had been officered by Spanish regulars. These men were well drilled, and they would have been loyal to us if we had given them American officers, and paid them what we pay our own troops. In revolts against the Spanish a Tagalo regiment fought against Tagalo insurgents, which was the highest proof of their loyalty. When disbanded, these men had no employment, and they naturally drifted into the insurgent ranks. They now form the core of the rebel army, and do about all the real fighting that is done. We found many of these fellows among the wounded, especially members of the Seventy-third native regiment, famous for its good service.

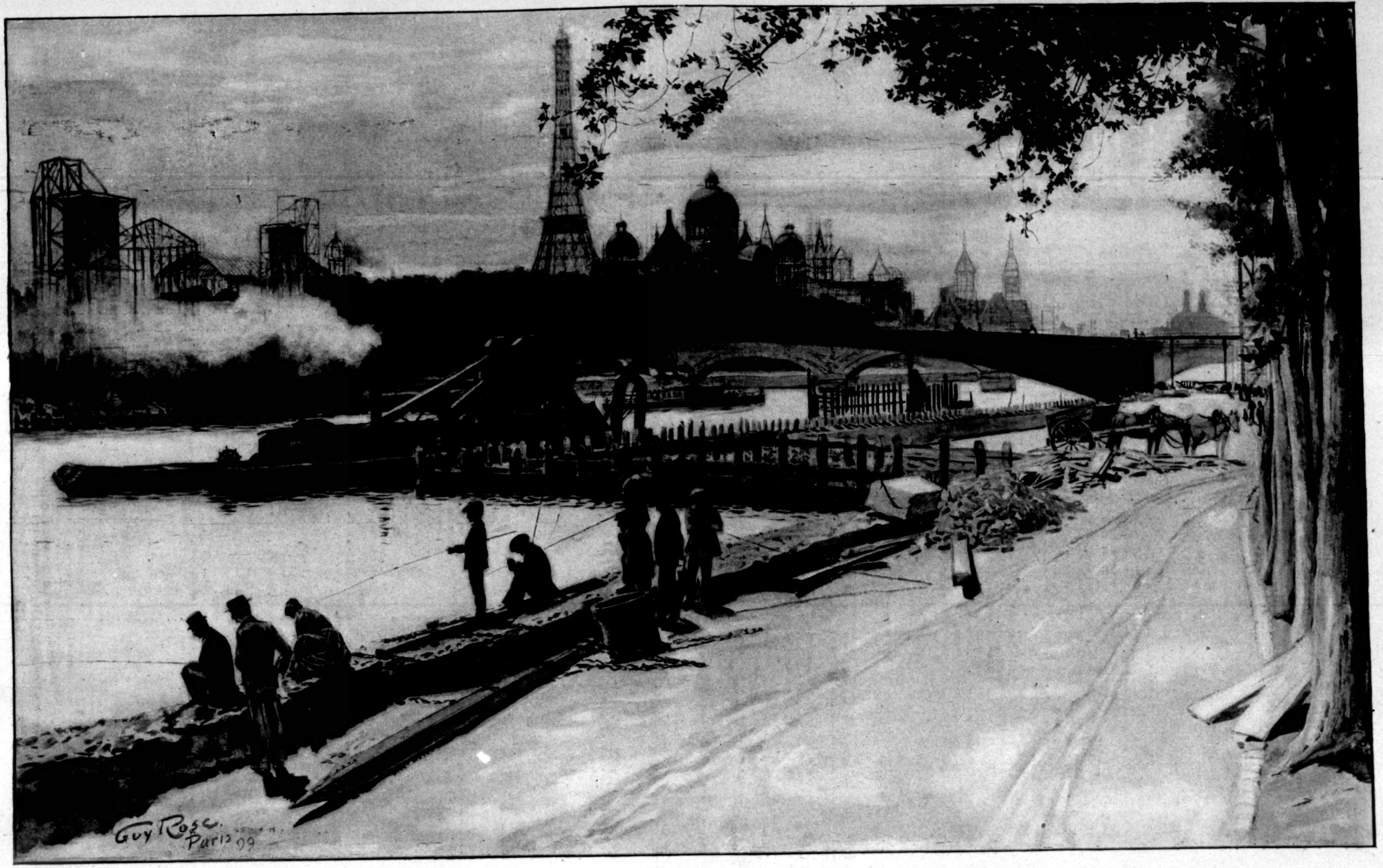
"The natives have no idea of honor. In our fighting with them they violated all the rules of civilized warfare, and they knew perfectly well what they were violating. They would bring forward flags of truce, and when our men went forward under similar flags the insurgents would fire upon them. At San Fernando the advance-guard of the Montana regiment was fired upon under a flag of truce by two hundred insurgents, who pulled their rifles from under their cloaks. This treachery became so common as to excite no comment. Yet in return our men were wonderfully kind and considerate to the wounded and the prisoners. In my experience in eighteen engagements I never saw any cruelty shown by our troops, while every battle furnished instances of American soldiers risking their lives to save Filipino wounded, and taking great pains to see that suffering natives were given prompt medical attention. It was the testimony of all the foreign military experts who were on the field that this was the most humane war against a half-civilized people that the world ever saw. The stories of brutality on the part of volunteers were sent out by correspondents whom no one knew either in Manila or on the firing-line. As for the soldiers who tell such tales, they are simply liars."

So much comment has been caused by his recent remarks, at Stanford University, in regard to the Dominican friars, that the general was asked about this phase of the Philippine problem. He said that Archbishop Chappelle and others who had criticised him doubtless took their text from a few words extracted from his speech, which were misleading. He added: "I am a Protestant, but I have no feeling against the Catholic Church, and my sentiments in regard to the Dominican friars are shared by many army officers in Manila who are devout Catholics. The Dominicans control all the Church property in the island of Luzon, and they have used their influence against us from the outset. They are so bitterly hated by the insurgents, as well as by the great body of the people, that I am convinced if our government would confiscate the property of the Dominicans and expel them from the islands the insurrection would fall to pieces. These friars have been active in fomenting trouble, and they are very powerful because of their enormous landed interests. They own square miles of the richest land in all the districts, which they rent to tenants. They are experts in rack-renting, for if a tenant makes improvements they promptly raise the rent. The Jesuits have done good work, but even among Catholics in the Philippines I found no one to speak a good word for the Dominican friars, because the evil influence of these men was plain on every hand."

General Funston has some pronounced opinions in regard to what should be done when the Philippines are conquered. On this subject he said: "It is foolish to talk of giving the Filipinos self-government after we have whipped them. They are not a homogeneous people, but a collection of tribes, differing in race, religion, and language. They are children so far as any familiarity with independent government is concerned. My knowledge of Spanish permitted me to get at first hand the opinions of some of Aguinaldo's chief lieutenants, and of other men who are regarded as leaders of the natives. None of these men had any well-defined ideas in regard to the government that they desired to set up. They were united on one thing only—to expel the friars and seize their property for the revenue it would bring in. But they apparently had not considered the currency, tariff, revenue, or any other problems of practical government. My opinion is that we should have a governor with practically autocratic powers, and he should be a man, like Leonard Wood in Cuba, of great administrative ability, and absolutely honest. He should have a salary of at least $25,000 a year, and he should appoint his subordinates. Only in this way will we get good results. If the political hangers-on who have a "pull" are allowed to go out in subordinate capacities, we may expect scandals that will be a national disgrace. I do not believe we lack good, honest administrators, but the old system of appointments must be radically changed, and the man in charge must be made personally responsible for those under him. In this way, and with a strong military force to compel obedience at the start, the country may be well governed. It may be advisable to permit the Filipinos some representative body, but to give them independent government is impossible, as they have simply caught up crude ideas of popular government, but have had neither the training nor the opportunity to assimilate these ideas. The Philippine commission cannot fail to develop a good scheme for the government of the islands, as all the members had excellent chances to study the problem."

General Funston believes that the islands are so rich that, when once development has begun in the American style the revenue will be so great that we can maintain an expensive government without any drain on the national treasury. He thinks that the country offers special inducements to young Americans who can command small capital—say, from $5000 to $10,000—and that the best development will come from associations of such men. He will have ten days' leave after his regiment is mustered out, and he expects to sail for Manila about November 20.

G. H. Fitch.



THE PARIS EXPOSITION—PROGRESS OF THE BUILDINGS ON THE SOUTH BANK OF THE SEINE, FROM THE QUAI DEBILLY.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY GUY ROSE.

AMATEUR SPORT

Owing to Election day, this Department went to press Friday, November 3.

PROFOUND samples of ingenuous writing have come to my notice during fifteen years of editorial intimacy with amateur sport, but never before have I beheld so extraordinary an exhibition of seeming ignorance as revealed by an editorial-writer in the October 26, 1899, issue of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, on the subject of "Purifying Sport by Rule."

BUT, frankly speaking, I must flatter the writer's intelligence to at least the extent of doubting his sincerity. I must believe there is more of cunning than of ignorance in his effort to soften public wrath against erring "amachoors"—though that does not excuse the journal which lends its editorial columns to sentiments so discreditable from any view-point.

Perhaps there are some readers of the *Inter-Ocean* as honestly ignorant of the distinction between amateur and professional as this editorial-writer has proclaimed himself to be. Therefore for these let us weigh the utterances of the *Inter-Ocean's* ethical sponsor, who opens characteristically by saying that

> ....A college athlete is now so hemmed about by rules and regulations that he is unable to indulge in any sport or pastime without carefully investigating all the possible consequences of such indulgence upon his record as an amateur. He must under no circumstances accept money or any other consideration for his services, or he at once becomes a professional and unfit to compete with pure amateurs.

STILLMAN (YALE) GOING THROUGH OPPOSING DARTMOUTH TACKLE ON OPPOSITE SIDE FROM HIS POSITION.

McCRACKEN (PENNSYLVANIA) RUSHING THE BALL.

> This is the nonsense of theorists run mad.... No man should be classed as a professional in any branch of sport until he receives a salary for his work, or accepts payment for it as a means of livelihood. A player who receives $5 or $10 per game for three or four games of baseball played during his summer vacation with some non-descript organization is no more a professional ball-player than a young man who shaves his father, while on a trip at sea, is a professional barber.

Covert professionalism is, unfortunately, by no means new to the world of amateur sport, but open editorial defence of it is certainly novel even in Chicago, where editorial support of wholesome honest sport has been none too steadfast or strong.

FRIENDS of amateur sport regret the need of many rules. The simple rule that an amateur is one who enters sport for the love of it, and with no thought of pecuniary gain—ought to be an all-sufficient dividing line. It is really becoming more and more so—year by year. But human nature is weak and the same in play as in work; the temptation to win, to profit by one's endeavor, leads to concealed professionalism and dishonestly composed teams. As various games have developed in popularity and in skill, the need of rules has been met by such legislation as the exigencies of cases demanded.

Rules, of course, are absolutely essential to the proper conduct of all business, of sport, of all branches of human endeavor, in fact. Naturally the rules of amateur sport would definitely touch upon those matters which most needed legislation for the safe guidance of the amateur. Hence the necessity of his guarding against the many traps with which his course is laid by the unscrupulous and designing.

SPACE and time are too valuable to enter in detail upon the specious statements made in this Chicago editorial. The comparisons are too absurd to merit serious discussion.

There is and can ever be, of course, only one abiding distinction between an amateur and a professional—an amateur enters sport for love of the game, for the honor of representing his college or his club, and he is amply repaid by the thrill of honorably contending for a victory; the professional enters sport solely for what money the effort may bring him. It may return him $5 or $10 a game for a few games, it may give him $100 for a single game, it may furnish him a living—the time occupied or the amount received is not the smallest factor in determining his ethical status. There is no sliding scale of ethical status; there are no intermediary steps between professional and amateur. An athlete is either one or the other.

WASHBURN (BROWN) GOING AROUND PENNSYLVANIA'S END.

The comparison offered between one who plays several games, receiving therefor "$5 or $10 per game for three or four games," and a young man who shaves his father while on a trip at sea—is eminently fitting in this Chicago essay, and suggests the acumen of the author. The one plays for the $5 or $10—the other is actuated by filial love or obedience.

BUT let us hear further what the *Inter-Ocean*—which, I recall, has always shown an unaccountable ignorance on the subject of amateur sport—has to say:

> Since rigid rules have been adopted by the American colleges against the taint of technical professionalism, more actual professionalism has crept into their sports than ever was dreamed of twenty years ago.

This is passing from expression of opinion to misstatement of patent fact. Twenty years ago there was scarcely a college that had an athletic committee or rules governing their sport. Twenty years ago there was no clear understanding of the ethics of amateur sport, and professionalism was rampant.

To-day college sport has the supervision and care of faculty, alumni, and well-formed undergraduate bodies of management, and a case of professionalism is rare—very rare, comparatively speaking.

These are facts familiar to every intelligent reader of the press.

Again, and for the last time, quoting:

> The college athlete may not actually have money placed in his hands, but he enjoys all the legitimate benefits of what is earned by his exhibitions, through the business manager of the organization to which he belongs. He differs, in most instances, from the professional only in the form of benefit which he receives from the gate receipts.

This is a statement based on ignorance so deep, and carrying a suggestion so contemptible, as to be extremely irritating. The college athlete does, to be sure, enjoy all the "legitimate benefits" of his play, but these are health and the glory of honorable, vigorous contest, and come not through the business manager.

I feel I owe my readers an apology for printing excerpts from this Chicago editorial, and taking up good space commenting upon it. But there is still much ignorance in the Middle West concerning amateur sport, and it has been in the hope of perhaps dispelling some of it that I have been tempted to brief reply.

When there is evidence of such ignorance on the editorial staff, which usually employs men of superior intelligence, what can be expected of the readers who depend on their paper for enlightenment!

PRINCETON developed unexpected strength in the inter-collegiate golf championship, and for the first time in the history of the Association, Yale was not represented in the final struggle. Yale had two veterans on her team (Robertson and Havemeyer), and Princeton three (Kellogg, Stuart, and Griswold). But Princeton had been materially strengthened by the accession of Pyne, while Yale missed the services of John Reid (the ex-intercollegiate champion) and of Walter Smith. As it was Princeton only won out by the narrow margin of two points (6-4), the score by holes being 11-7.

Columbia was outclassed by Harvard, the latter winning by 29-0, or 14 points to 0. Edwardes was the only Columbia man to make any kind of a fight. He is one of the younger players at the Morris County Club, and his long game is excellent. Dixon and Rhodes were the only veterans upon the Columbia team, and the loss of Morris and Fellowes was severely felt.

The finals between Harvard and Princeton were closer than the score (9 points to 1) indicates. Cooke was the only Princeton man who was badly down at the end of the first round of eighteen holes, the other matches being anybody's game. But in the afternoon round Averill astonished everybody by his sensational score of 35 out, and Kellogg was snowed under (9-0). Hubbard's coolness finally wore out Griswold (3-0), but Stuart, with a little more nerve on the putting-greens, should have won his match with Richardson, instead of halving it.

Pyne scored for Princeton, beating Clark, the Harvard captain, by 2 up, and Dahlgren (Princeton) was down to Wadsworth (Harvard) by the same narrow margin. Henderson (Harvard) beat Cooke (Princeton) easily by 7 holes up. Harvard scored 21 holes to Princeton's 2, and 9 points to 1. In the total of matches won, Harvard was credited with four, and Princeton with one. The result gives Harvard two legs upon the Ardsley Cup, while Yale also has two wins to her credit. As the cup goes finally to the university scoring three victories, next year will furnish a battle royal for its possession.

HARVARD'S GOLF TEAM—INTER-COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS OF 1899.

SCORING by points instead of by holes was the new system used, but made no difference in the result, and the players did not seem to regard it with

much favor. The same system was tried several years ago by Oxford and Cambridge, but discarded as unsatisfactory. The scoring is made more complicated, and the real difference between the players is concealed. If the object is simply to insure that the team winning the majority of individual matches shall also be credited with the team victory, there is the simpler plan of counting a point for each match won, and a half-point for the bye, if any holes remain after the long match has been decided. Under this system there is less danger of a tie score, and the team match is won by the side recording a majority of the individual victories.

HIGH-CLASS golf had been shown in the team matches, and was maintained and bettered in the play for the individual championship. H. M. Harriman has hitherto held the record of the course with a score of 80—39 out and 41 in. Hitchcock of Yale equalled this in the qualifying round, and Edwards of Columbia was but a stroke behind him. In the match rounds Averill (Harvard), Stuart (Princeton), Hitchcock (Yale), and Averill again—all made the outward journey in 37, and Pyne (Princeton) scored a 38. Averill, in his first round, also cut the full record to 79.

In the qualifying round the low score (80) was made by Hitchcock of Yale, and the highest card was 86. Thirteen men returned cards below 90.

Last April, in the Metropolitan Association tournament, the best Harriman could do in the medal rounds was an 89 and an 84, and the same figures were recorded for ex-champion Douglas. Tyng did an 85 and an 88, and Travis an 87 and an 88. Brooks, Hollins, and Cochrane scored in the 80's for one of their rounds, but all the other cards returned were over 90, and the eighth man (Winston) qualified with 93 and 91.

TRUE, the course last April was not in the best of condition for medal play, but the difference is hardly so great as the figures indicate. The fact is that the collegians are playing better golf than ever before. The Harvard, Yale, and Princeton players all drove with a full round swing, but in the approach stroke greatest improvement was shown over last year's form. On the putting-green the indifferent and the brilliant plays were about equally divided.

In May, 1898, 87 was the low card in the qualifying round, and 92 secured eighth place. In October, 1898, the figures were 83 low and 91 high. The two tournaments of 1898 were held over the Ardsley course, and although the latter is tricky enough in all conscience, the Garden City round calls for better golf.

Taking the tournament as a whole, it has brought out as good golf as has ever been played in any American meeting—and it is all home-bred talent, too. The reign of the imported amateur is over, finally and forever.

HONORS of the tournament were fairly shared between the two finalists, Averill and Pyne. Both men won all their matches in the team-play, Averill winning from Edwards (Columbia) and Kellogg (Princeton), and Pyne from Hitchcock (Yale) and Clark (Harvard). The trying-out process could hardly have been more thorough.

Averill's rise in the golfing world is a rapid one, for, although he was a substitute on the Harvard team two years ago, he did not get a place until last October at Ardsley, when he played No. 4. At that meeting he won his matches against Bonner (Princeton) and Havemeyer (Yale), and in the play-off tied with Havemeyer. He did not qualify in the individual contest, his card being a mediocre 92. He has certainly come on fast, and he should have had a higher number than four on his university team this year.

PYNE made his first public appearance in the amateur championship of 1898 at Morristown. He returned a card of 190 (98, 92) in the qualifying round, missing a place among the thirty-two by just one stroke. Since then he has been playing steadily, and always improving. He has a notably easy swing, and the match-player's quality of being able to do his best when the best is necessary. Pyne's average for seven rounds of the course was a trifle over 84½. His best card was an 81, and his poorest a 92—a fine record for a Freshman, and one that argues future triumphs in a larger field.

A pleasant feature of the contest was the spirit in which it was carried on. The rivalry was intense (as it should be), but it was generous and sportsmanlike. Averill's courtesy in looking for Pyne's lost ball at a critical point in their final match is worthy of especial commendation, and there was the best of good feeling between the several players all through the tournament. The gospel of sport for sport's sake is gradually making its converts.

For reference, the summary of the individual match play is appended:

First Round.—Averill (H.) beat Hubbard (H.) 6 up and 4 to play; Stuart (P.) beat Robertson (Y.) 6 up and 5 to play; Hitchcock (Y.) beat Byers (Y.) 4 up and 3 to play; Pyne (P.) beat Edwards (C.) 4 up and 2 to play.

Semi-finals.—Averill beat Stuart 5 up and 4 to play; Pyne beat Hitchcock 1 up.

Finals.—Percy R. Pyne 2d beat James G. Averill 1 up in nineteen holes.

MICHIGAN began her football year with the prospect of again, as in '98, having a green lot of material to whip into a team. But as the season advanced, one by one the veterans materialized upon the practice-field, and the outlook, in consequence, developed considerable brightness. Of those now playing, all are thoroughly experienced, and a majority were on the team which defeated Chicago last year.

There are, in point of fact, Cunningham, centre; France, guard; Steckle and White, tackles, the latter now playing end; McDonald, sub-tackle; Snow, considered the best end rush in the West; Street, quarter-back; McLean and Teetzel, half-backs; and Keena, full-back, who was substitute in '97. For a time there was doubt whether Cunningham and Street would consent to play regularly, but that difficulty has been removed, and Michigan given hope of developing a centre to withstand Overfield, Hare, and Teas of Pennsylvania in the game at Philadelphia, November 11.

There has been from the first abundance of material at Ann Arbor, with plenty of weight; and despite the greenness the chances looked better in the early season than they did in '98. But whether or not the old men too long delayed their return, there is not the spirit in the team's recent work that last year's eleven displayed. The most serious problem at the beginning was to fill the places of guards France and Egan, but return of France gave great relief, as well as assurance of strength.

BEHIND the line is a splendid array of fast half-back material, and Widman, the sprinter who made the sensational touch-down on Chicago last year, will not be so greatly missed as it was thought he would. But in spite of the speedy men, the back field has been poor in its work. Keena is a good punter, though slow. No one yet has developed to take the place of Caley, the great line-bucker and defensive player, and the truth is that the '99 Michigan team has not the scoring capabilities developed by the '98 eleven. At present, at least, Michigan is not so strong as either Chicago or Wisconsin, and there is need of entirely new spirit if Michigan would make a creditable showing against Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania, of course, will play, or at least ought to play, a much stronger game against Michigan November 11 than she did against Chicago October 28, but, none the less, there will be opportunity enough to obtain a comparative line on Chicago and Michigan.

For the time being, the defeat of Notre Dame by Michigan (12–0), and of Notre Dame by Chicago (23–6), furnish probably a fair criterion of the present strength, comparatively, of the two Western universities.

On the other hand, Iowa State University, which last year showed great improvement under Knipe's teaching of the Pennsylvania guards-back formations, tied Chicago (5–5) early in October. It must be added, in fairness, however, that the Chicago eleven which lost to Iowa was not in the form it showed against Cornell.

THOSE who saw the Yale-Columbia game in New York will be interested in reading Referee David Bovaird's explanation of the play on which his decision caused so much comment.

October 29, 1899.

In the performance of my duties as referee in the Yale-Columbia game yesterday it was my fortune to be placed in a position of apparently favoring Yale. . . . I have always held and still believe that the surest way of reducing the roughness of football and lessening the chances of trouble between teams is to promptly stop the play when a runner is fairly tackled and his progress stopped—in other words, to enforce strictly the twentieth rule. This has always been my practice. Yesterday, when the half-back—said to be Morley—made the play over which question has been raised, he struck his own line and was stopped "dead"; the Yale men had seized him, his own men were gathered about him in a swaying, pushing mass. Seeing this, I promptly blew my whistle, which was probably unheard by the audience, by reason of the racket going on at the time, and declared the ball down on the spot. Thereafter, as the mass broke up, the Columbia man was pushed through and fell over the line. I naturally refused to allow a touch-down, and called upon them to put the ball in play at the spot where I had blown my whistle. . . . The critics of my action are doubtless ignorant of the fact that I am a graduate of Columbia as well as Princeton. . . . DAVID BOVAIRD, JR.

I am glad to print Mr. Bovaird's explanation of the play, and to add that on such an occasion, where the competing elevens are a struggling mass of twenty-two players, no spectator but the referee is in position to see what is actually happening.

IF the Pennsylvania-Chicago served no other purpose, at least it provided an opportunity for contrasting the conduct, under trying conditions, of the coachers of the two universities.

It must be acknowledged that the comparison considerably favored Chicago.

The flagrant violation of the rules by Pennsylvania's coachers, who constantly advised their men during play, was very offensive to sportsmen and in marked contrast with the sportsmanly attitude of Mr. Stagg, who, none will deny, was quite as anxious of the result as any of the Pennsylvanians.

It is by no means to Pennsylvania's credit that, on her first appearance before Western spectators, she should disclose such intimacy with the precise habit which the West had finally corrected after several years' contention.

The exhibition Pennsylvania gave is never nowadays seen in the West at games among the leading teams.

As for the game itself, Pennsylvania did well to escape defeat, for poor generalship alone prevented Chicago from winning.

Just as in the game last year against Michigan, so, against Pennsylvania, Chicago's trick plays failed to work effectively, notably the fake kick, delayed and double pass, and, too, following the precedent of last Thanksgiving, Chicago seemed unable to profit by experience, but kept trying the plays that were losing ground.

MR. STAGG must have devoutly wished for the megaphone used by a Pennsylvania coacher, that he might privately exhort the Chicago captain to some display of generalship. Kennedy used poor judgment, failing to kick several times when it was obviously needed, and, when on Pennsylvania's 3-yard line, losing the ball on downs by sending the runner into Hare, actually the only impregnable point on the Pennsylvania line. Chicago's backs mixed their signals rather badly at times, and handled punts very poorly—though the wet and slippery ball is a partial excuse; but for all that, Hamill and Slaker did some great ground-gaining. Hamill fumbled punts woefully.

Though his generalship was indifferent and his defensive game not up to his usual strength, Kennedy easily outshone Outland (Pennsylvania) at quarter, and kicked fully as well, if not a bit better, than Pennsylvania. Neither side did any notable work in this direction, and Coombs, for Pennsylvania, averaged hardly more than thirty yards to a punt.

Speed, Chicago's centre, was generally agreed to have more than held his own against Overfield, as he did last year at Philadelphia.

Neither team showed good end play, especially Pennsylvania, though the Eastern team had unmistakably the better of it along the line generally.

And the two teams played one another to a standstill in a game marked by loose yet desperate endeavor.

YALE'S game with West Point on Saturday last (while we are on the press) will have told how much of profit the blue acquired from the lessons of her defeat by Columbia. I am not disposed to see in that defeat such dire foreboding as some of my confrères confess to beholding; it should be remembered Yale was three weeks from the game for which she is preparing, while Columbia undoubtedly had been trained to the hour, and played a game of such speed and aggression as no eleven had shown this season.

But there were lessons enough, just the same; they related to the slow starting of the backs, poor tackling, and absence of sharp, fast work all along the line.

One does not expect an eleven three weeks from its chief game to show perfect team-play or completed interference, but one does expect hard, sure tackling and some evidence of alertness. The absence of all these qualities in the Yale team when it played Columbia was so noticeable that the men, by comparison, seemed tired.

Early-season indications pointed to Yale having a strong team, and there is yet time for its development; but there can be no doubt that the exhibition against Columbia was a surprise, and must be bettered 75 per cent. to count against Princeton, and 100 to score on Harvard.

The centre needs tremendous strengthening; Brown was the only stalwart on Manhattan Field. Cutten, who filled centre last year, has been persuaded to come out, and certainly he is sorely needed.

PRINCETON, too, had her lessons at Ithaca, not to mention those administered by Brown on Saturday. It is the same old lesson Princeton should know by heart ere this; but that is not sufficient reason, it seems to me, for the coachers to take the public into their confidence.

Why is it, I wonder, college men cannot keep their troubles to themselves? Is there something in college athletics that induces garrulousness? It is the weak man who seeks a confidant so soon as he is hard hit. I would not want such a one with me on a hard, desperate mission; and I always doubt the effectiveness of a team which pours all its woes into reportorial ears.

Princeton needed the "shake-up" which its coachers gave it, for the streaky play it has exhibited this season betokens nothing more nor less than the work of a veteran team with a large idea of its possibilities at the supreme moment. This is not a new sensation at Princeton, as the downfall of several other veteran teams will attest.

There is no question of the excellent material Princeton has at her command, particularly for the line, and a team of such strength should be developed as to make defeat of Yale more than a probability. But there has been no play by Princeton at this writing (November 3) to warrant confidence in the team of '99 attaining such form.

The Brown game may have served to emphasize the need of putting definitely aside some of the veterans for players of less experience, perhaps, but ones who get into the game and are not convinced they know it all.

If Princeton fails to take warning, she will be beaten by the Indians on the 11th in New York, and at her best she will have her hands full winning, for Carlisle's game is harder to withstand than Cornell's.

CORNELL, in making her great brace, exhibited just the qualities that Princeton lacks, and because of it merits admiration. Sportsmen would yield Cornell that admiration with greater satisfaction if the team had not the services of Walbridge, who, while at Lafayette, was a notorious summer-nine baseball-player. If Cornell seeks athletic equality with the other large Eastern universities, she must revise her eligibility rules.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

Sir Henry Irving and "Robespierre"

THE return of Sir Henry Irving to America, after his long illness and his long absence, is one of those events one awaits with eager reverence, and takes part in with a pleasure that is not without melancholy. To-night the great actor, the greatest of our generation, is among us in the full maturity of his powers, and with his vital forces not perceptibly waning. To-morrow he will be gone, and who can say whether we shall ever see him again?

Te Moriturum Salutamus.

The dramatist, the musician, and the painter, who move among us so quietly that they are scarcely a presence even in the life of the imagination, leave behind them a concrete evidence of their spirit that endures. The actor and the musician who embody the play and the composition of another, and live through it in the eyes of the world, adding the fire of their breath and the touch of their hands to the impalpable essence of the created things—these die as the body dies, and all they have lived for reverts to the glory of the mind that first gave them being. It was a stirring plea Sir Henry made, some years ago, that the art of the actor is a creative art, but it ignored the distinction, very clear to most minds, between the artist who makes and the artist who interprets. Lend what an actor will to the conception with which he is working—and he must lend much, or he is no true executor—he is at first and at last the pensioner of a creative mind. To-day he lives and moves in his own glory and in that of his overlord. To-morrow he is gone, and his glory is shrunk to the measure of a portrait or to the meagre report of a critic. Rejoiced as we are by the health and the vigor with which our greatest actor has greeted us again, we know that an actor greets us always, in youth or in maturity, as one who is about to die. All the more are we bound to salute him now eagerly and reverently as the man in whom moves the spirit of the master of our generation of actors, and to consider what this master stands for.

The leading spirits of Irving's youth were the playwright Tom Robertson and the actor-managers Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft. What Robertson stood for we have all lately seen in the *Tom Wrench* of Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells," who was closely modelled after him. Robertson made plays about people—real people; and tenuous as

The Generation of Irving.

his realism now seems, we all know that it contained the germ that produced the very excellent English playwrights of to-day. Before Robertson there had been plenty of plays made out of eloquent sentiment and passion; Robertson's situations were the focussing of human characters. What Robertson did for the drama Bancroft did for the stage. Instead of the old canvas doors that shook a whole flimsy room in closing, he had real doors that slammed shut in solid jambs; and instead of the painted back-drop, which did service for all sorts of scenes, he had modelled trees, summer-houses, practicable waterfalls, and bridges. If the spirit of Robertson had been developed in its full cycle, we should now have plays in which real people kindle, as the sham people did of old, into passages of eloquent sentiment and passion; but for some reason the feeling for high drama has been lacking. There are skilful playwrights among us, but not the dramatist of note. The work of the Bancrofts fared better. Sir Henry Irving has developed their stagecraft with a broad and elevated spirit. How marvellous the advance is that Irving has made in the staging of plays can hardly be realized without consciously recalling the absurd and flimsy settings of his predecessors—the kind of production we were so painfully familiar with during the life of Edwin Booth. The modern English theatre is Irving; and here lies Irving's weakness. A great dramatist working through him, as Shakspere worked through Burbage, might have exercised Irving's interpretative powers to the utmost, creating character after character that would synthetize into a poetic whole all his great resources of expression. But there has been no modern dramatist in any way comparable with the great actor-manager; and as an interpreter of Shakspere he is in many ways positively disqualified. He has lacked the wherewithal to raise his art to its highest, and that wherewithal is the nourishment and support of an author capable of creating for him. The result has been that he has exhausted his intelligence on the externals of the stage. In staging Shakspere he has apparently tried to make up for his lack of romantic buoyancy, of tragic breadth and of feeling—the very essence of Shakspere—by realizing the scenes that Shakspere has created for us in his dialogue. The result has often been a redundancy of effect, in which the divine, impalpable poetry of the dramatist was quenched by the obvious splendor of the manager. And even Irving's own power as an actor has at times come dangerously near being dimmed by the splendor in which he has framed it. Irving is the victim of our poverty in dramatists.

"Robespierre."

In writing "Robespierre," in which Irving opened at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, Sardou has considered rather what Irving has been and is than what he might be. The play employs all of Irving's well-known resources as a stage-manager, and calls for all the extraordinary powers we have known in his acting. How skilfully it is constructed for abundance and variety of theatric effect is best observed, perhaps, by comparing the scenes where prisoners of the French Revolution are led out to the guillotine with the similar scene in Mr. Freeman Wills's dramatization of "A Tale of Two Cities," which is also playing in New York. In going out to the scaffold Mr. Wills's people exhibit fear, levity, and heroism in a few simple forms. M. Sardou flashes before his audience, in a series of striking passages, a dozen people, each one of whom meets his death in a manner wholly different from all the rest. It is as if this astonishing conjurer of the stage had swept through the gamut of possible emotions. To the lover of drama, however, it will in the end occur that all of Sardou's clever scenes bear little or no relation to the main theme of the drama, and that the similar scene in "The Only Way" is carried by the suspense of Carton's approaching sacrifice. The difference is the difference between exceedingly clever stage-craft and sound drama. In creating the part of *Robespierre* for Irving, M. Sardou has imagined that the sea-green monster, the incorruptible, had a tender and lyric strain in his nature; and to work out the character thus imagined he brings him face to face with a natural son by an early love, a lad he is about to condemn to the guillotine. Here again is an opportunity for a series of excellent scenes, and one may be sure it is husbanded; but a series of scenes, however clever they may be by themselves, does not make a drama. There is no motive to give the play harmony and sequence, though an interesting story is told; and if there is any dominant passion in the play, it is in *Robespierre's* passion of self-love, which is conceived so frankly in the spirit of character study that it is constantly used for amusing effect. In a word, the master-playwright of France is in rare harmony with the master-actor of England. Both are inexpressibly adept in the art of the stage; both fail to show the larger dramatic imagination. All this is to fix the bound of Irving's power, which is that of a character-actor; and I say it in order that my admiration for him, as such, may be boundless.

The impersonation of *Robespierre* was so exquisite in shading, so vigorous, and so complete that it beggars the language. To achieve it employed to the utmost the powers of the greatest of our actors; it is best not to trust to words to reproduce his effects. The rising of a passion and its abatement, the growth of a tender sentiment and its inevitable pain, the transition from callousness to abject terror—all this, and infinitely more, was shown in a series of shifting and mingling gesture and facial expression that flowed on and on in their vital processes. And after the act was done, while the curtain was floating up again and again in response to the greetings of an appreciative audience, the pulse of life was still in the actor's face; each lifting of the curtain showed a transition of expression, an abatement, until the plastic body of the actor's face faded from the incandescence of art to the simple austere look of the man. With all that power of poetical and life-like impersonation, what dramas could have been enacted before our admiring eyes! what records of the struggle of vital forces! The production of "Robespierre," for all the marvellous art of the thing, lacks any deep and inevitable human interest; and Sir Henry's art serves mainly to remind us of what quantities of good things there is room for in the life he is devoting to the interests of the stage and of his profession.

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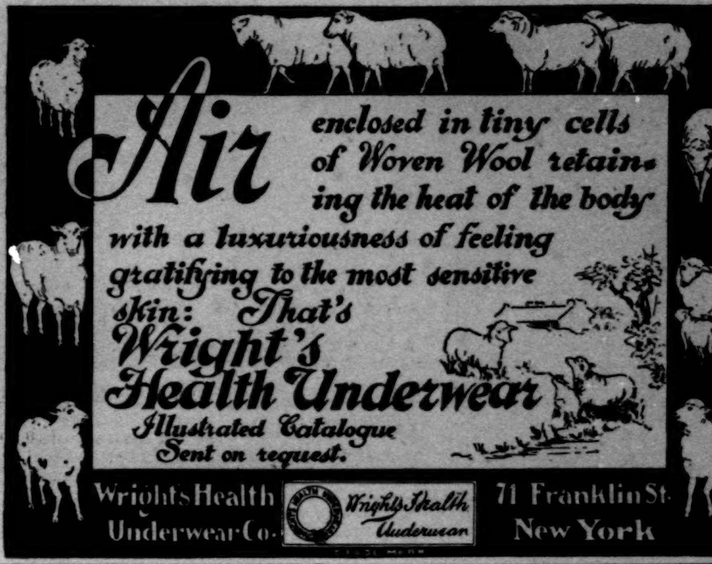

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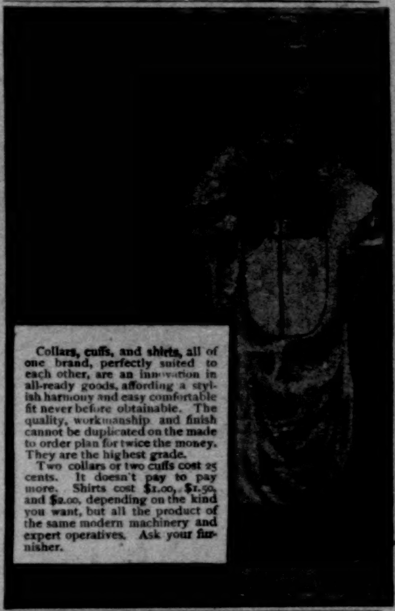

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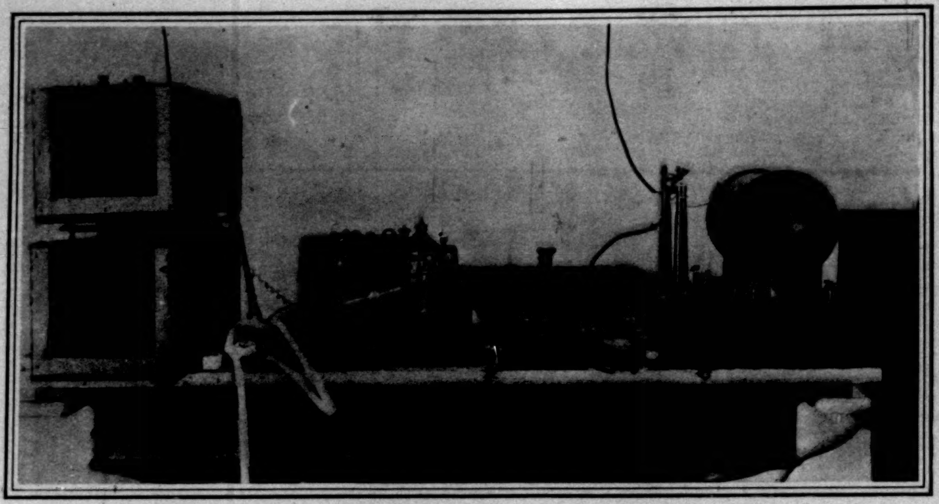

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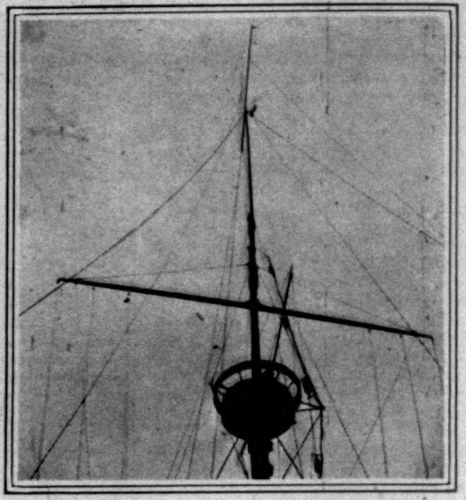

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WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN OUR NAVY

BY LIEUT.-COM. JOSEPH B. MURDOCK, U.S.N.

THE slightest consideration of the subject shows the peculiar adaptability of wireless telegraphy for communication at sea. On land it must not only compete with the highly developed systems of the telegraph and the telephone, but is subject to difficulties of transmission from interferences of various kinds. At sea, however, it is supreme. There are no competitors. It is not only adapted to work at sea, but the sea is the ideal field for its operation, and the most successful tests have all been made over open water. The Italian, French, and British navies have all tested it with the best results, and the visit of Mr. Marconi to our country has given the Navy Department an opportunity to try it on shipboard under conditions and in tests prescribed by itself.

Two sets of apparatus were installed in the *New York* and *Massachusetts* while the vessels were lying at anchor in North River, and the tests commenced over the short distance of four hundred yards, this being the ordinary distance between ships in compact cruising formation. A perfect system of telegraphy must provide for a wide range of distances, and the Marconi apparatus worked admirably at these comparatively close quarters. A commander-in-chief, while manœuvring his fleet by the ordinary flag-signals and signal-code, frequently has occasion to talk at length with his captains, explaining or supplementing orders. There is always considerable signalling of this kind between ships, and the new telegraph bids fair to be more rapid and certain than the present "wig-wag" code.

The next test was for a varying distance between ships. Could an admiral send one of his ships on detached duty, and as it moved away modify or revoke his orders previously given, keeping in constant communication? The *New York* remained at anchor off West Thirty-fifth Street in North River, while the *Massachusetts* got under way and moved down the bay and out to sea. The apparatus showed its efficiency and also its fallibility. The signals of the *New York* were read aboard the *Massachusetts* all the way from Thirty-fifth Street to Sandy Hook Lightship, but the signals made by the latter were lost by the *New York* when the ships were nine miles apart, through the accident of a poor earth connection on the latter.

A matter of vital importance in any system of communication is its reliability. Will messages be always received as sent, or can outside influences act so as to prevent the original coming through unmodified? This has been represented as the weak point of Mr. Marconi's system, and a moment's reflection will make it evident to any one that the vertical wire, if receiving and registering electrical waves from one source, must also be exposed to similar vibrations from a second source, and if both are sending out waves simultaneously, interference must result, causing an incoherent registry. In order to test this point and gain some idea of the extent of the disturbance, an additional station had been established in the Highlands of Navesink, and during the next two days this was frequently operated so as to cause interference. The result was convincing, but disappointing. When Navesink and the *Massachusetts* were simultaneously telegraphing the *New York*, the receiving instrument of the latter registered nothing but an utterly illegible series of dots and dashes, occasionally becoming rational language as one station stopped for a short time, lapsing into utter incoherence as it began signalling again. This occurred on every trial, and although it may hereafter be remedied, is at present a serious defect in the system for commercial use. It is not so serious a matter for naval work, as the etiquette of a squadron does not allow of "cross talk." No ship can signal another without permission of the senior officer, and the enforcement of this regulation would practically make the flag-ship a central station through which all messages must be transmitted. In connection with these interference tests, a distance trial was made with quite satisfactory results. The *New York* anchored five miles from Navesink, while the *Massachusetts* steamed to the eastward, on the prolongation of the line between the two former. At predetermined intervals both stations signalled the *New York*, causing interference, but with legible words whenever one stopped. The messages of the *Massachusetts* ceased to be read at Navesink when the ship was seventeen miles distant, but the apparatus aboard the *New York*, being more sensitive, registered legible messages when there was a distance of thirty-six nautical or

forty-one and a half statute miles between the ships, and illegible signals were received for ten nautical miles farther. The *Massachusetts* then turned and steamed back to the *New York*, and anchored for the night.

The next day was a most interesting one, nature assisting to give the tests a scope not planned by the Navy Department. At daylight it was blowing a strong gale, and the slender masts supporting the wires were subjected to excessive strain. Both ships lowered the sprits to which the upper end of the wire is attached and hoisted the latter to the mast-head. Navesink signalled during the forenoon that it had to lower its wire, and after that remained mute. It was not until the next day that it was learned that the gale was so strong ashore that the wire had to be used to support the mast to prevent its being blown down. The ships weighed anchor and stood into the bay, the *Massachusetts* anchoring inside Sandy Hook, while the *New York* went as far as Gravesend. In addition to the wind, rain and fog were generously supplied during the day, but so long as the wires were up, communication was perfect, the electrical waves ignoring all disturbances except those from an electrical source.

On the morning of the third day, the wind having abated sufficiently to remove all fears for the safety of the mast at Navesink, the wire was hoisted again, and communication immediately re-established with the ships. The tests were continued by another series of interruption experiments, and also by telegraphing at short but varying distances, such as occur in manœuvring ships in a squadron. The range of the system was shown to be sufficient for such a purpose, the necessary slight adjustments being readily made, and a variation from two hundred yards to several miles was found practicable.

The tests developed no new matter of scientific interest, unless it be that messages were sent across New York. While the general theory of wireless telegraphy is comprehensive, many details can be determined only by experiments, and it had been suggested that the high steel buildings of lower Manhattan might offer more resistance to the transmission of electrical waves than nonmetallic masses of the same size, but nothing of the kind was perceptible, and it seems evident that interference can be caused only by similar waves. The electrical vibrations are no more affected by other influences than light waves are affected by the air vibrations transmitting sound.

In justice to Mr. Marconi it should be stated that he said before the tests that the distance of transmission would not be as great as that recorded in the British naval manœuvres of last year, as the apparatus was inferior to that installed aboard the British ships, having been brought across the Atlantic primarily for telegraphing the result of the yacht-races, where long-distance transmission would not be necessary.

While the possibility of interference resulting in the total obliteration of a message is a serious defect, it is not fatal, nor perhaps irremovable. The wireless telegraphy of ten years hence will probably bear but slight resemblance to that of to-day, and inventive ingenuity may be expected to overcome this difficulty. The secrecy of transmission now possible by using a private wire seems difficult to obtain when the ether is free to all, but this end will undoubtedly be attained in time.

Considered from a naval stand-point, the system, even in its present state, offers many advantages. Although useful for short-distance signals, these may readily be made in other ways. In long-distance work, however, it bids fair to become of the greatest importance. The most difficult point in naval warfare of to-day is the rapid and accurate transmission of news of an enemy, who may be sighted by a scouting vessel far at sea. At present homing pigeons may be used, but, however valuable they may be, pigeon flight over water is not reliable, and it would be unfortunate to have to risk the success of a campaign on the life and successful flight of a bird. With wireless telegraphy apparatus installed on the scouts, however, they can cruise far off shore, and signal their news until some faint ticking answer from other scouts or shore stations lets them know that they are in communication, and then the information that may save a city or a fleet will fly ashore with the velocity of light.

Naval tactics must be modified as this new instrument becomes available. An admiral in command of a fleet of fast vessels may safely scatter them more widely than formerly, as even when out of sight they are absolutely under his control. If searching for an enemy, a much greater area can be covered. An interesting state of affairs might occur, however, under present conditions if an enterprising enemy, fitted with wireless telegraphy apparatus, should penetrate at night an area thus patrolled, and set all the "coherers" of the fleet in vibration by a jargon of signals, which would effectually intercept all accurate transmission. By thus betraying his presence he might be brought to account, but while undiscovered could cripple all movements of his enemies.

A brighter possibility is that when Jack is granted leave, it is frequently restricted to "signal distance," and under these limitations wireless telegraphy will certainly give him greater radius of freedom.

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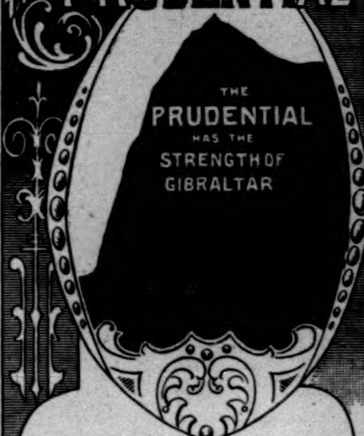

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Pittsburg International Exhibition

EACH visit to Pittsburg increases one's respect for the great work that is being accomplished at the Carnegie Art Institute. If there is any improvement this year, it is certainly due to the American section, which abounds in good pictures.

The exhibition is considerably more retrospective than usual. For example, there is shown that "Moonlight" of Albert P. Ryder—a derelict boat with a flying rag of sail, dark upon a murky ocean—one of the most solemn examples of imaginative painting. Another powerful picture one has seen before is Horatio Walker's "Oxen Drinking"; then there is Sargent's exquisitely sympathetic portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson; John La Farge's study of the "Guitar Player," for the McKim memorial window in Trinity Church at Boston; it is decorative, and is expressive of the solace and beauty of music; a gracious little portrait by Mrs. Cox, "Cumpuspe"; "The Waterfall," by J. H. Twachtman, awarded honorable mention; Robert Reid's "Brook," rich in color, and remarkably brisk and joyous in movement; and Thomas W. Dewing's "At the Piano." He probably never painted anything more masterly than this in its apparent simplicity, and yet more penetrated with subtle tenderness.

For several reasons not all the pictures exhibited are eligible for the prizes. Among those which are, there is little reason for surprise that the portrait of "Mother and Daughter," by Miss Cecelia Beaux, was selected for the gold medal. It is a handsome picture that compels attention, painted with knowledge and certainty; but as a study of character it is lacking.

The silver medal has been conferred upon Frank W. Benson for his picture called "The Sisters," a tiny tot and an older child in a meadow beside a sheet of blue water. It is the work of a strong man with an infinite tenderness for the little ones. Another Massachusetts painter, Edmund C. Tarbell, has found inspiration at home. His "My Family" represents a sort of terrace overlooking the water, with mother and baby sitting under a tree, and three other children perched along a wooden seat. It is a sunny bit of impressionism of happy home life. Once more there is "A Family Group"—this one by George de Forest Brush—following in character and manner his other beautiful studies of his wife and children.

The most notable of the marines are by Charles H. Woodbury and Winslow Homer. The better of Mr. Woodbury's is probably "The Maine Coast." The weight of the water is suggested, as well as its movement, and it is wet, not glassy. His other picture, "The Ground Swell," admirably portrays the swirl and scurry of a mass of water driven round a rock; Mr. Homer's "High Seas" recalls those two splendid marines of his which were sold at the Clarke sale. There are the same brown bowlders, the snow-covered shore, the cruel gray sea, and one wave shattered into a burst of spray—a grand picture, but not the equal of those seen at the Clarke sale. F. K. M. Rehn also shows an excellent picture of "A Northwester, Gloucester Harbor."

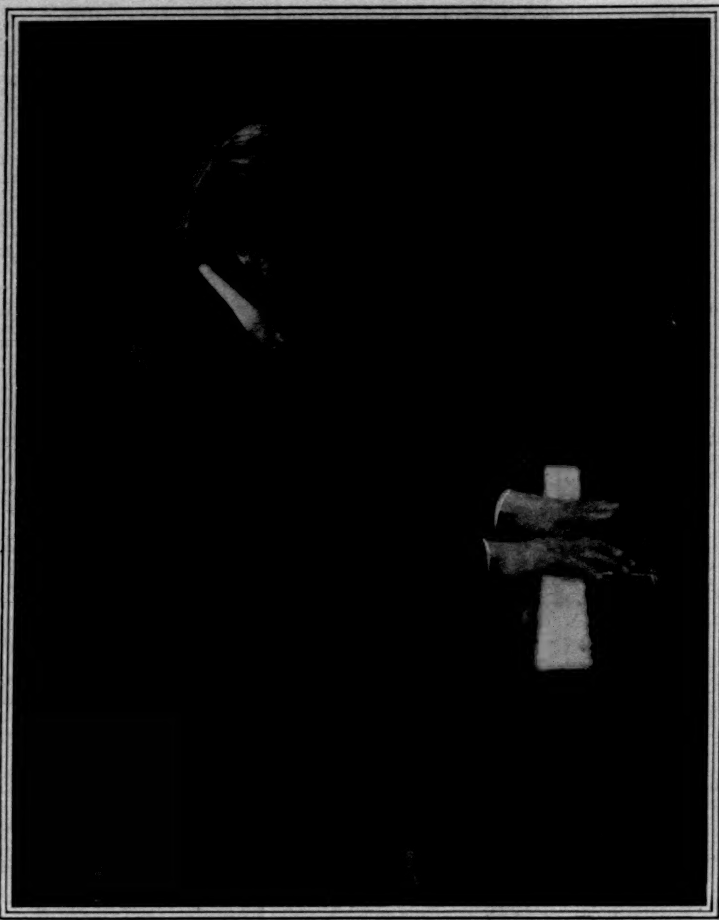
A very distinguished group of five pictures is sent by William M. Chase, comprising landscape, portraiture, and still life. One will not be far wrong in singling out the last for particular admiration. He calls it "A Big Brass Bowl," but there are also glass-ware, peaches, grapes, and a crimson-colored velvet box.

This exhibition affords an interesting chance of comparing Childe Hassam's early work with what is presumably his latest development. The former is represented by "Fifth Avenue in Winter," charming in color and the plodding movement of the horses and pedestrians through the snow—a scene exhibiting the most alert observation and clear directness in recording it. It is already impressionism, but not so subtle as Mr. Hassam felt the latent ability to reach. Certainly his "Improvisation" is a lovely picture—a lady sitting at a piano near an open window, with carnations in glass vases upon a table at her side. That is all. But it is the way the thing is done and the purpose the painter had in doing it that make it so beautiful a work of art.

There is one other picture in the exhibition quite as tender. It is Ben Foster's "Summer Night," representing the absolute serenity of nature, the hush so deep that the sob beneath it is almost audible.

If space permitted, there are other pictures it would be pleasant to dwell upon: Miss Cassatt's "Young Woman Plucking Fruit"; Kenyon Cox's portrait of "W. J. M."; Charles H. Davis's "Clouds over Water"; Louis Paul Dessar's three landscapes, and some by John J. Enneking; Mrs. Hailman's "The Top of the Falls"; T. C. Steele's "A Winter Morning"; W. E. Schofield's "January Evening"; H. O. Tanner's "Judas," and Dwight Tryon's "May"; and then there are the foreign pictures. The exhibition is a feast, in which selection is made difficult by the abundance of good things.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.



MARK HAMBOURG, PIANIST.
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CLARA BUTT, CONCERT-CONTRALTO.
Photograph by Histed, 42 Baker Street, London, W.

A Monster Music-Season

"To hear some people talk, why, miss, you would suppose that fiddling and fa-la-ing were the only business of life!"
—*Two Ways to a Fortune.*

LAST summer it was estimated by a musical statistician that there had been spent, since the November preceding, on high-class musical pleasure in New York city between one and a half millions and two millions of dollars. It was also declared that by a rough reckoning of what the public of the United States, as a special matter, had been willing to pay into the bank accounts of the leading managers of attractions for opera and concert—if there were selected some thirty cities of our country which are marked for musical activity—the total sums should approximate not less than five or six times the aggregate preceding. Now, inasmuch as the end of the year 1898 and the beginning of last summer were by no means a period of such assured general prosperity as is the closing portion of the twelvemonth, nobody need be surprised to learn that the arrangements for 1899–1900 by people whose practical business is simply purveying music for the public are almost dismaying. Its degrees are almost unprecedented, so far as boldness, costliness, variety, and competition enter into such schemes, and into their aspects of pleasure and sensationalism. Every year, during some twenty that have gone by, I have never failed to hear uttered the cry—it has never failed by October—that never has there been in heaven or earth, or even in the United States of America, so huge and cumbersome a "music season," and never any in which it was proper to take so vehement an interest as the one just ahead. I confess to having written such solemn admissions often enough, and with ever-quickened enthusiasm rather than nudges of conscience. But we know that almost everything is relative except the absolute zero. And *sans* contesting, the truth it is that within some twelve or fifteen years the passionate regard for music in our country has so enormously expanded, its effect has assumed such a huge radial aspect, that it is not unreasonable to print larger admiration-marks for it each successive autumn—possibly to gild the annual forecast with more gracious terms. Early in the summer those who make that process a duty went at it most fructifyingly. The month of November bears out almost every brilliant prediction as to the musical months in the United States now begun.

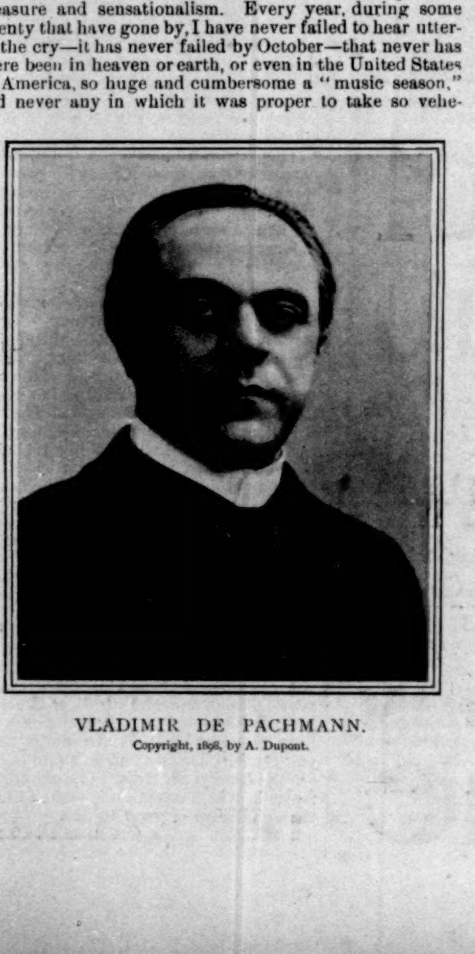
Music as a Commercial Article.

The anatomy of any music season—unless it be the leaking out of a manager's salary list to his prime donne—is not what Horace Greeley used to call "mighty interesting reading." Besides, it is a trifle late for me to redact such a bulletin of dates, names, and incidents to come soon, thick, and fast. Soon indeed! For are not the initial Philharmonics in our own city upon us; the Boston Symphony already hard at work in its own home and here; the Chicago Orchestra well started in its imposing season? But it is not too belated for me to say now to any interested in aggregates and comparisons that merely in New York city (Brooklyn included) we will be invited to listen to some ninety orchestral concerts (by which I mean concerts in which the element named is the salient one); about a dozen evenings or afternoons of choral music, such as the Oratorio Society and Society of Musical Art offer; hardly less than a hundred concerts of chamber-music, whether of the string quartet or the piano-forte or simply lyrical type, in a wide variety; not far from one hundred representations of opera in the official season of the Metropolitan Opera House, in German, French, and Italian, not to speak of a series in English that seems wellnigh interminable elsewhere in our city, or of operetta; and a scattering-fire of less definitely classified musical occurrences, meant in earnest, as well as agreeable matters for the musical ear. And this reckoning for 1899–1900, pray observe, is referable merely to New York city—Brooklyn included. Either as an outcome of the local managerial campaigning, or thanks to an independence of it, we find almost everywhere in the United States the material aspects of musical audition in an enormous development this autumn. Never have the long tours arranged for the public, avid of new or old stars of song been as expensive and far-stretching. New York is the heart of musical pulsation in America still. But the music life beats full and fast a long way from Carnegie Hall or the Metropolitan Opera House. Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Chicago, San Francisco, and more are expecting generous concert provision now as a matter of course, and at least a visiting opera season. Mr. Maurice Grau has this year ventured on an experimental "tour in the provinces," prior to his Chicago and Boston and New York undertakings, that will be a sort of musical reckoning date in many local annals. Mr. Paur in our own city, Mr. Gericke in Boston, Mr. Herbert in Pittsburg, Mr. Lund in Buffalo, Mr. Van der Stucken in Cincinnati, Mr. Thomas in Chicago, each predicate music in 1899–1900 to a sweep of territory impossible to interest sufficiently, or to find profitable to go out half-way to meet, a decade or so ago. Nothing is more extraordinary and built up of more complex and interesting æsthetic materials than the educational aspects of musical entertainment in our wide country just at this season. Far in the South, New Orleans, by its plans for 1899–1900 as to opera in French, has advanced on last year in a measure that is like the restoration of the city's ancient and ante-bellum operatic prestige. In great part, this bustling and decisive continental movement after the higher class of music that can be imported, better still, the great quickening of local support for absolutely local orchestras intending symphonic concerts, is due to the growth and prosperity of the music-club system all over America. The women of the West and of the South, especially, have become the levers of musical life in a hundred towns. The business men in the communities named and in many more—Kansas City, Cleveland, St. Louis, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Detroit, are others—have generously subscribed to guarantee funds or even to foundations for local music. We find by considering the advance bulletins of such a season not so much prophecy as half-fulfilment of the days when every wide-awake and developed community in the United States will be orchestrally what are a thousand and one cities of Europe; towns that never pretend to be capitals of art, but merely art's conservators and heralds.

How much will be offered in 1899–1900 in the United States.

In the special and most expensive matter of opera, the unusual tour of the managing-director of the Metropolitan Opera House will have given a long slice of the country at large a strong indication of the enormous array of artists and performances to be presented in French, Italian, and German between now and May. Chicago will have heard its particular share of opera at the Auditorium earlier, as usual, than New York or Boston. Moreover, here in New York, Mr. Grau's season is to open exceptionally late—December 18. I have already outlined its scheme to the readers of this journal. But the intermediate time almost inevitably means changes in repertory or

The coming Metropolitan Opera Season.



VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN.
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MADAME EMMA NEVADA.

personnel, often of serious purport; and it is wise to hold back fuller announcements until the manager's own prospectus can make them presumably final. One thing is safely to be said—the repertory at the Metropolitan for 1899–1900 will hardly be vigorously in variance with those lately past. But of star-nights—and that is what the American public really care most about—there will be indeed such a dazzling succession as may send the season of 1899–1900 into history almost incomparably glorious. The return of Mesdames Ternina and Calvé, of Mr. Alvarez (who by curious chance is yet a novelty in our city), rather fillips any interest that can be jaded as to the noble array of singers before the city last year. It will be a lucent season, even if Madame Melba, Madame Eames, and probably Mr. Jean de Reszke are not to be counted on. Certainly, too, the conductorial arrangements on Mr. Grau's part for this winter promise a far better aspect of a matter long fertile in unrest and even in popular dissatisfactions hitherto.

As was noted above, the official prospectus of the Metropolitan will not be ready for a little time yet. But it is known that the opening performance will be "Faust"—that traditional and beloved outstart here—with Mr. Alvarez in a local début.

Paderefsky, Petschnikoff, Jackson, Dohnanyi.

In the concert-movement of 1899–1900 perhaps no three plans will win more notice, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, than Mr. Paderefsky, who, though no longer a novelty to us, is yet a piano-fortist of the first interest to thousands of Americans; Mr. Alexander Petschnikoff, a Russian, and Miss Leonora Jackson, an American, both famed in the highest circle of violinism; and Mr. Dohnanyi, another wonder-worker at the Kravier, of enormous prestige in England. The advent of these famed personages in the musical talk of the hour will pique critical and popular curiosity right and left.

The preliminary Season over.

Observe, too, that the musical fore-season of 1899–1900 is already over. I have not spoken above of those artists who have made it active since October. Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann, that interpreter-in-chief of Chopin—and polished perverter of Beethoven and Schumann—has been scintillating to crowded audiences in this city, and in a dozen other places, and found to be as brilliant a virtuoso as ever, and perhaps a shade less simian in his personality. Mark Hambourg, a Russian pianist of brilliant Continental repute, young, and entirely new to Americans at home, will have made his first appearance as these lines go into print.

Elsa Ruegger, a Swiss, a violoncellist of unusual foreign distinction abroad—in a field that women have curiously left to the artistry of the other sex—has been within a fortnight heard here and in Boston, with almost an excess of popular and critical praise. Madame Emma Nevada, one of our own indisputably American singers, an operatic soprano of unquestionable superiority, with a wide European *réclame*, has returned to us for concert appearances; coming, too, somewhat with the honors of war, after her being disgracefully treated by an angry and chauvinistic Spanish audience; and, immediately after the incident, being decorated anew by the more broad-minded and better-bred Queen-Regent of Spain! As to Madame Clara Butt, an English concert-contralto of the first authority, she has already sung to a large section of the Eastern musical district adjacent to New York, proving herself a guest blessed with one of those majestic, vibrant contralto voices, of an astonishing volume and warmth (that recall to many of us such predecessors as Annie Louise Cary, or even Marietta Alboni), and blessed with "the great style" into the bargain.

As to incidents other than as a frame to a stellar drawing-power, why, they are now in full procession. Last Wednesday and Thursday brought to New York the first pair of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts here, not much later than the at-home opening of the band's work for 1899–1900. The Sunday night orchestral concerts under Mr. Paur at the Metropolitan, and Mr. Kaltenborn in Carnegie Hall, are current. The first Philharmonics are due next Friday and Saturday. The Castle Square Opera Company, with its interesting if uneven success—artistically measured—in grand opera in the vernacular, is busy in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, with enormous audiences attendant. By another fortnight the season will be developed toward its medial luxuriance—only possible in a country where the most subtle forms of art are a matter of popular feeling, if not of actual popular study or production, with an amazingly unsectional vigor.

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The World of Finance

A FLURRY in money at the close of the past month revived the suspicion again that there had been manipulation of the market for the benefit of the banks and trust companies who had funds to lend. There may have been some "jockeying" by the money-lenders, but the high rates could not have been brought about unless there had been a real scarcity of loanable funds. The interest payments due on the first of the current month amounted to over eighteen millions of dollars, and dividend payments to about fourteen millions more. Preparations for this disbursement of over thirty-two millions of dollars necessitated an extensive shifting and calling in of loans, an operation that always tends to advance the charges for financial accommodations. It is interesting to note in passing that the dividend payments were about two and a half millions greater than those of last November. A remarkable incident was that the rate dropped to 6 per cent. before the close of business on November 1, though it had been as high as 20 per cent. that morning and 35 per cent. the day before for call loans. The stock-market sympathized to an extent, of course, with the money-market, weakening as the money rate advanced; but it may be said to have stood the test wonderfully well, and pronounced weakness developed only in the industrial shares, most of which are undesirable collateral.

It is quite natural that bear talk should be heard now regarding this class of securities, even if the attitude of the financial institutions did not provoke it. It will not do, however, to pay too much attention to those whose losses have made them pessimists. Unfortunate circumstances, combined perhaps with some want of foresight, have had ill results in the case of some of the industrials, but all are not to be condemned. The situation in which the American Matting Company was placed by the difficulty of borrowing money on its own paper did much to unsettle confidence, and was a serious blow to those who had bought the company's securities at the high prices of last spring. Still, it must be remembered that the company does a prosperous business, and was hampered only by the lack of working capital, for which provision has now been made, and that the credit of the company was affected by an injudicious attack by a stockholder when it could show assets in considerable excess of liabilities. It is to be regretted that the industrial corporations do not make regular statements of their operations such as are made by most of the railroad corporations, though there is a good deal of force in their contention that they would thereby be furnishing information useful to their rivals in business. The American Car and Foundry Company has set a good example in this respect.

In the railway world business continues active and produces satisfactory returns, as is shown by the September accounts that have come to hand. The statement for that month of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul was disappointing to the speculator because of the decrease in net earnings as compared with those of the same month last year; but this came from an increase in operating expenses, which means extraordinary expenditures to increase the efficiency of the property. The effect of these will be to lower the cost of transportation, thereby providing for an increase in future net earnings. The value of such expenditures is shown in the instance of the Atchison, a director of which company is authority for the statement that the earnings show a surplus above interest charges and taxes equivalent to between 9 and 10 per cent. on the preferred stock, and that this will be increased to a 12-per-cent. rate by the end of the current year. The management of the Southern Railway Company has pursued the policy also of putting a large proportion of the earnings back on the property in the shape of permanent betterments, so that the ratio of operating expenses to gross earnings is steadily declining. With lowered operating expenses and increased gross earnings, this railroad is destined to become the most important system south of the Potomac and east of the Mississippi.

A misapprehension regarding the preferred stock of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, or "Big Four," has been corrected by President Ingalls in his statement that the stock is not redeemable at par under the Ohio laws. Although the stock has paid 5-per-cent. dividends since 1890, with the exception of 1897, when only 2½ per cent. was paid, the belief that it could be called in and paid off at par has kept the price down to about that figure.

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